The Relief Society Magazine

L. 42 NO. 4 Special Short Story Issue APRIL 1955

First to See the Risen Lord

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre . . . (John 20.1).

Vesta P. Crawford

While it was yet early on the northern hills,
She came alone and stood beside the tomb.
Her grief was like the darkness roundabout
That veiled the temples and the towers
And lay upon the turrets and the gates.
Quiet was the street of sorrow,
And darkly rose the four great hills
Encompassing the valleys of Jerusalem.

While it was yet early in the garden,
In the first far reaches of the dawn,
Mary came to Calvary and waited near the tomb.

Mary of Magdala, her home the shore of Galilee,
A follower of the Master and one who loved him well.
Short days ago she wept beside the cross
And saw the soldiers and the sword . . . .
Saw Arimathea's rock-hewn sepulchre
Wherein the faithful laid their Lord.

So quiet in the garden, no stir of bud or leaf,
Only the woman waiting there, beset with grief.
Mary of Magdala, in the early day,
First to hear the question
Where the stone was rolled away.

Then she looked again into the sepulchre
And saw two white-robed angels sitting there.

Trembling, as wind might shake an olive bough,
She heard the words, old as earth's questioning,
"Why weepest thou . . . ?"

Softly, as wings of the dove might stir,
Mary turned in the morning light
And Jesus spoke to her . . . .

Mary of Magdala, first to hear his voice,
In that eternal moment, in that lighted place,
First to bear the message that he lived
And first to see his face!

The Cover: "Wood Hyacinths," Photograph by Ward Linton
Frontispiece Photograph: "Easter Lily Portrait"
Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Thank you for an outstanding issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (February 1955). Arriving today (January 26th), it came like a very special gift for my birthday, all the more so because you used for a frontispiece my mother's exquisite poem written for me. I then found my poem (written for my daughters) "The Unanswerable," page 108. Also I noted how every one of the other poems and each of the stories are well above average in quality. The *Magazine* always has something special in it, but this time it deserves superlatives!

—Mrs. Lael W. Hill
Salt Lake City, Utah

Thank you for the story "Faith and Prayer and Johnnie Morton" (January 1955). I feel it is an answer to my prayers. We have a little daughter eleven years old who had polio when she was a baby, and, in spite of our prayers, exercises, braces, and massage, her back has continued to twist — very rapidly the last few months. On January 4th she had another appointment with a specialist to see what his verdict was after seeing X-rays taken the week before. So, on fast day, January 2d, our family, including those who are away, had a special prayer after fasting, and afterwards our daughter was administered to. The doctor said she would have to have a serious operation that would mean being in the hospital about six weeks and at home on her back in a cast for six months. On our way home she nearly broke my heart by saying, "What good did it do to fast and pray?" I tried to explain that sometimes our prayers aren't answered as we want to think they should be, but sometimes they are answered by our knowing where to go for help to doctors who are skilled and know what to do, and I told her the story of Naaman and Elisha. Then came the *Magazine* and the story of Johnnie and his problem—just like hers. I read the story to her and I know it helped her to understand that God had not deserted her and was still mindful of her and our prayers. She is going to need her faith to get through the coming year cheerfully.

—Mrs. Theron S. Hall
Springville, Utah

During the past one and one-half years my family and I have been in Pakistan. Contacts with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have been very few. When I left Panguitch, Utah, friends gave me a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. It has followed me over halfway around the world to bring cheer, comfort, and reassurance of the stability of the spiritual values of our life, and to which we cling very tightly. The *Magazine* is a never-ending source of knowledge and inspiration. I have enjoyed the group photos immensely, too, being able to recognize many friends I have known in various wards. Being so far from home I can more sincerely feel the influence the *Magazine* is having upon every corner of the world. May every Latter-day Saint realize the values to be gained and not let a single edition lie unopened.

—Mrs. Clyde T. Low
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

I wish to express my thanks for the *Magazine*. I read it from cover to cover. Mrs. Woolsey's poem "Poet's Mother" in the February issue is very fine.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

The Relief Society Magazine has just come, and I have read Mrs. Sharp's splendid editorial "Take Time to Safeguard Children" (February 1955). It is most carefully worded and written. It is one of the best that I have read.

—Charles V. Worthington
Los Angeles, California

We ladies of the Seventh Ward, Mt. Logan Stake, do love our Relief Society work and thank you sincerely for the *Magazine*, and especially for the "Greetings for the New Year" (January 1955). I, for one, am going to try to make the greetings a part of each day's living.

—Mrs. A. R. Gibbons
Logan, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy our *Magazine*. Since my husband is in the Air Force, and we are away from home, it brings home so much closer to me.

—Mrs. Beverlee Nilsson
Cibolo, Texas

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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The Resurrection

Elder George Q. Morris
Of the Council of the Twelve

Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die.
(Tennyson: *In Memoriam*).

THE question of life after death has always been one with which people should have been seriously concerned. There has been much speculation about it among pagan philosophers and Christian writers. The sure and clear answer is to be found in the gospel of Jesus Christ as taught in the primitive Church and the restored Church. The famous Roman scholar Pliny probably expressed the prevailing notion of his time and people when he said:

It is not even within the power of God to endow mortals with an eternal existence and recall the departed from the grave.

Pliny lived in the Roman Empire from the year 23 A.D. to the year 79 when he was destroyed by the sulphurous vapor coming from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii. What he had with such certainty declared God could not do was spoken in ignorance of the fact that when he was ten years of age there came forth from the grave in faraway Palestine, then under the dominion of the Roman Empire, Jesus Christ, who was the first fruits of the resurrection. Having had power given him over life and death, through his atonement for the sins of the world and by the appointment of the Father, he instituted the resurrection from the dead. By this act he provided that every soul who had died from the beginning of time or who would die until the end of time would be resurrected as he was resurrected. Their belief or unbelief, their being good or bad mattering not. The Lord declared:

Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation (John 5:28-29).

The resurrection does not apply alone to man. When man became mortal through the fall, the earth and the life on the earth also became mortal. As man has an immortal spirit so has the earth, and it is to die and be resurrected as thus revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith:

And the end shall come, and the heaven and the earth shall be consumed and pass away, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

For all old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new, even the heaven and the earth, and all the fulness thereof, both men and beasts, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea; And not one hair, neither mote, shall be lost, for it is the workmanship of mine hand (D. & C. 29:23-25).

You will note in this revelation that what the poet expressed in the couplet, that God did not make man just to die, is confirmed in this scripture, which clearly implies that

this restoration occurs because it is the workmanship of God.

THERE are many who seem to have difficulty in believing that the resurrection consists in the coming forth of the physical body, the idea being that if a body does come forth it must be a body without substance. The Prophet Joseph Smith has proclaimed the doctrine that there is no "immaterial matter," that what we call spirit is matter, but of a more refined nature than the matter that we are familiar with in this life (D. & C. 131:7).

When the Savior appeared to some of the disciples after the resurrection they were afraid of him; they thought he was a spirit. He calmed their fears, saying to them, "a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have" (Luke 24:39). And he invited some who were still skeptical to feel of his hands and to put their hands in the wounds of his crucifixion.

When the Savior appeared to the people on this continent after his resurrection, he invited twenty-five hundred of them to do the same. Some are still unwilling to accept this demonstrated truth as applying to all who are resurrected and argue that a bodily resurrection was for him alone. But showing this to be an error, the apostle Paul in Philippians 3:21, expressly states, referring to the resurrection at the coming of the Savior:

> Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.

So the teachings of the gospel are very clear that the resurrection has to do with the bringing forth of a purified, cleansed, and immortalized body of flesh and bones to live forever—those who have kept the commandments of God to live in a condition of glory, and those who have rejected the gospel to live in a condition of banishment from the presence of God.

As to the time of the resurrection, there was the first resurrection marked by the coming forth of the saints at the time the Lord himself was resurrected. Looking to the future, the saints and the just are to arise to meet him when he shall come again to the earth at the beginning of the millennium. The resurrection of the wicked will not take place until the end of the world. Referring to this first resurrection of the future, this is given:

> And then shall the heathen nations be redeemed, and they that knew no law shall have part in the first resurrection; and it shall be tolerable for them (D. & C. 45:54).

> And after this another angel shall sound, which is the second trump; and then cometh the redemption of those who are Christ's at his coming; who have received their part in that prison which is prepared for them, that they might receive the gospel, and be judged according to men in the flesh (D. & C. 88:99).

The time and glory pertaining to the resurrection are clearly explained in the 76th and 88th sections of the Doctrine and Covenants. The question is sometimes raised as to the resurrection of the sons of perdition who are referred to in these sections. Verse 32, section 88, thus describes their coming forth:

> And they who remain shall also be quickened; nevertheless, they shall return

again to their own place, to enjoy that which they are willing to receive, because they were not willing to enjoy that which they might have received.

THE Lord is explicit in stating that *all* shall come forth. So, through the atonement of Jesus Christ, comes the renewal of the earth and the renewal of life upon it. Death and the grave are overcome, and all are raised to immortality when the body and spirit do not again separate, made so clear in this scripture:

Now, this restoration shall come to all, both old and young, both bond and free, both male and female, both the wicked and the righteous; and even there shall not so much as a hair of their heads be lost; but every thing shall be restored to its perfect frame, as it is now, or in the body, and shall be brought and be arraigned before the bar of Christ the Son, and God the Father, and the Holy Spirit, which is one Eternal God, to be judged according to their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil.

Now, behold, I have spoken unto you concerning the death of the mortal body, and also concerning the resurrection of the mortal body. I say unto you that this mortal body is raised to an immortal body, that is from death, even from the first death unto life, that they can die no more; their spirits uniting with their bodies, never to be divided; thus the whole becoming spiritual and immortal, that they can no more see corruption (Alma 11:44, 45).

Those who have obeyed the gospel also have eternal life "even the glory of the Celestial Kingdom," others such glory or absence of glory as belongs to the lives they chose to live.

Much ignorance and error exist and much unnecessary sorrow has been endured by bereft loved ones regarding the fate of children. Great and comforting truth has come to us through the Prophet Joseph Smith: first, that little children are resurrected as little children, to grow to maturity in a resurrected condition. Also that children who die before the years of accountability die without sin and enter the celestial kingdom, which is explained in this scripture:

Listen to the words of Christ, your Redeemer, your Lord and your God. Behold, I came into the world not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; the whole need no physician, but they that are sick; wherefore, little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin; wherefore the curse of Adam is taken from them in me, that it hath no power over them . . . .

And after this manner did the Holy Ghost manifest the word of God unto me; wherefore, my beloved son, I know that it is solemn mockery before God, that ye should baptize little children.

Behold I say unto you that this thing shall ye teach—repentance and baptism unto those who are accountable and capable of committing sin; yea, teach parents that they must repent and be baptized, and humble themselves as their little children, and they shall all be saved with their little children.

And their little children need no repentance, neither baptism. Behold, baptism is unto repentance to the fulfilling the commandments unto the remission of sins.

But little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world; if not so, God is a partial God, and also a changeable God, and a respecter of persons; for how many little children have died without baptism!

Wherefore, if little children could not be saved without baptism, these must have gone to an endless hell.

Behold I say unto you, that he that supposeth that little children need baptism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity, for he hath neither faith, hope, nor charity; wherefore, should he be cut off while in the thought, he must go down to hell.

For awful is the wickedness to suppose that God saveth one child because of baptism, and the other must perish because he hath no baptism.

Wo be unto them that shall pervert the ways of the Lord after this manner, for they shall perish except they repent. Behold, I speak with boldness, having authority from God; and I fear not what man can do; for perfect love casteth out all fear.

And I am filled with charity, which is everlasting love; wherefore, all children are alike unto me; wherefore, I love little children with a perfect love; and they are all alike and partakers of salvation (Moroni 8:8-17).

Thus, through the resurrection, is established the truth of the Lord's words: "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (John 11:26). The only real death is in sin and banishment from the presence of God, which is both the first and the second death (D. & C. 29:41). What we commonly call death is but the doorway to immortal life which cannot end. Each of us, therefore, as the immortal offspring of our Father in heaven will finally live to come to the personal experience described in this scripture:

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad (II Cor. 5:10).

So Long As Springtime Comes

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Some springtimes enter like a warm green breeze,
Through budding elm and oak and maple trees,
A slender grass stem pushing earth apart,
A low, round violet leaf, a tulip dart.

And spring sometimes in yellow is arrayed,
Wide fields with dandelions overlaid,
Forsythia that frames my neighbor's walk,
And sunshine in the sky, in smiles, in talk;

And often spring will beckon all in pink,
Glowing like children's cheeks, or dawn's wide wink,
Peach blooms, and white-pink apple witchery,
Rose-throated robins in the cherry tree;

Oh, I care not what colors first appear,
So long as springtime comes year after year.

Reap, If You Will

Elaine J. Wilson

MY Grandma was a stickler for fair play. She was sure that if you were honest and thoughtful, you'd receive just that in return. She had a good argument for her feelings, too. And that comprised one of her favorite stories . . . about Grandpa. She loved to tell about how Grandpa had come to agree with her.

Jake, that was Grandpa's name, went north in a wagon about four times a year carrying supplies. Sometimes he went as far north as the Snake River before he got rid of everything. He always came back with a load, in return, of everything from fine pelts and hides or gold ore to sacks of onions.

He and Grandma had been married three years then, and with the second baby just arrived, she wanted him to settle down to farming steady. He was going to do just that after he returned from this last trip . . . if everything went all right. He figured to get enough this time to pay for a real good spread.

He had placed such emphasis on that "if everything went all right" that she had made him promise to be extra careful.

"Now, Bessie," Grandpa told her, a little provoked, "you know I can take care of myself."

"Jake, I haven't been married to you this long without knowing you pretty well. You sure live up to your red hair, letting your temper blaze away. Now you be cautious and patient, promise?"

Jake gave equal measure for all the love he saw in her clear gray eyes and sweet face. He put his arms around her and held her tenderly. "For you, I'll do anything! I promise, Bessie, I'll hold my temper. I won't make a move unless I have to. Besides, there's no need to worry; I haven't seen an Injun on the trail the last two trips. Everyone else knows who I am and I know them."

"Well, remember . . . you'll only reap what you sow."

Jake had laughed some at her fussing, but as he rode along in the wagon, he was anxious to get back to his sweet wife and babies. He was sure he was meant to be a farmer; to live closer to his family; no more leaving them behind. And it seemed the good Lord meant it that way, too. Not only did he have the usual amount of furs and produce, but he had a nice little sum of money, six hundred and fifty dollars. One trading post had paid up in full for the last three loads of supplies he'd brought them.

Jake found a nice place to make camp, where the land wasn't quite so hilly and rather barren. He stopped by a little stream, with a few big rocks near and a scrubby tree. He tied the horses to the tree, so they could get a drink and graze some, and then he made a fire. He was hungry and tired, and anxious to get started early in the morning.

He walked over to the front of the wagon to get something from

under the seat. There were three things under there: the money, his loaded gun, and some cornmeal. As he reached under, he realized two men had ridden up. But before he could turn around, he heard the unpleasant words, "Put 'em up!"

IN the seconds that it took him to draw a deep breath, Jake's mind played a series of thoughts. It would be simple to reach for the gun, swing, and fire. He was a better than average shot and could probably get one of them. But Bessie's words of caution kept stirring up a cloud in his mind until he felt he'd better not try anything yet. So his hands went up slowly.

"Turn around."

Jake turned uneasily. He looked into the gaunt, strained face of a young man, and the hard, expressionless face of his older companion. Both wore dusty, sweat-stained clothes, evidence of a long, hard ride. Both held guns on him. Behind them stood the most done-in looking pair of horses Jake had seen for a long time. They had been through a rough time.

"We want the cash and pelts you got . . . quick!" the younger man spoke.

Jake was outwardly silent, but within him a conflict was raging. He was trying to stick to his promise to Bessie to be patient and careful, when he longed to lunge at them; to keep them from his store under the wagon seat.

"Come on, we know you got it. We been following you since you left the trading post," the older one said dryly, almost without interest, so sure of him that it made Jake's blood fairly boil.

"That money's mine. I need it . . . ." He tried to talk calmly, as Bessie would have him do, but he felt like shouting. Even with two of them, he could probably give them a fight they'd not soon forget.

"Where is it?" the younger fellow snarled at him.

Jake pushed the words out of his mouth, hesitating, forcing himself. "It's under the wagon seat."

Right now, seeing the gleam of victory come into the two bandits' eyes, Jake felt like swatting himself. What did Bessie know about handling trouble?

While the older one held a gun on him, the other reached under the wagon seat, and pulled out first the gun, which he pocketed, the bag of cornmeal, and dropped it, then the sack of money. They took the string of pelts from the wagon, too.

"This should get us to Cheyenne, Marty." The younger one chucked the money into his pocket. "Let's go . . . ."

This was just like giving up. Almost as if you had no brain to think with, Jake thought. Bessie's logic wasn't meant for this. What would Bessie do now? Why, she'd ask them to dinner, probably.

As he watched the two men mount their horses, Jake heard himself saying something mighty strange. "As long as you've taken my money and gun, there isn't much I can do. But you might as well stay and have some food with me . . . ."

THE surprise that flooded their faces only egged him on. "I was fixin' to make some johnnycake and I got some comb honey and fresh churned butter to put on it." They

only stared at him. "I make the best johnnycake ever. You look like you could stand some nourishment."

Marty, the older one, burst out laughing. "Listen to that, Les. After we rob him, he asks us to dinner . . . ."

Les didn't laugh, however. "I'm hungry enough to do just that. But no smart stuff or you won't need to eat . . . ."

Both walked back toward Jake. Jake knew he'd said it. It was up to him to go through with it now. He fed the fire and arranged some rocks around it on which to set the frying pan. Marty raised his gun suspiciously when Jake went to the wagon for pans. As he stirred the yellow batter in a blackened saucepan, he could hear the horses blustering their breath and stamping. Off a way, a coyote set up his nightly solo.

"This is good cornmeal," he began, unable to bear the cold silence longer, "the kind that comes from good corn, like I'll raise on my farm . . . that is, I was going to . . . ."

Marty sneered, "Only we took your money! What a pity."

Jake held his head high and looked right into his face. "Oh, I'll get it someday, anyway. I got two young'uns; may have more. They need lots of room, good food, and a dad that's home. And that's what they're going to have."

Marty started to laugh like it was a big joke, but Les cut him short. "I wonder how I'd have turned out, if my dad had been around home once in a while . . . ."

Jake turned to look at the younger bandit and saw not a hardened man like the older one, but a boy deprived of companionship, lonely and afraid of life.

Jake took a small crock of butter from the wagon and put a dab in the frying pan to melt. That butter had been the last payment on a bolt of calico for a sheep rancher's wife, up near the fort. She was still churning it when Jake had come by. It was fresh and tasty.

Then he began to fry the cakes. "I only have one plate and a mush dish," he told the men, "you use those, and I'll eat out of the pan as soon as the batter's gone. I'll take the last johnnycakes." He put the crock of butter on a rock and got a small bucket from the wagon, pried the lid off, revealing a broken comb of honey. There were a knife, a fork, and the large spoon he used to stir the batter.

He put the first three cakes onto the tin plate, handed it to Marty, then poured out more batter to fry. Marty slapped on butter and honey and promptly began to gorge himself.

They watched the yellow cakes bubble and listened to the crackle of the fire. Then Les eyed Jake curiously. "If you wanted that farm so bad, why didn't you gun us down instead of handing the money over?"

JAKE knelt to flip the cakes over before answering. "Well, Bessie, my wife, has a strong code of living. And I'm coming to believe it, too. You reap what you sow. If I'd gone for my gun, you'd have done the same. One of us would be dead, and you'd have got my money anyway. You look like you need it! Only probably no more than I do. But, the other way wouldn't have been any better."

He dished up the other cakes and handed them to Les. Then he poured out the rest of the batter for himself. He didn't feel like eating, but he wasn't going to let them know it. "Yessir," he went on, "if folks would be more patient and think about what they'll get back later, instead of grabbing all they can right now, this would be a much better world."

They ate in silence while the world darkened around them, only the glow of the sunset to give light.

Finally Les stood up. "Let's get goin'," he said gruffly.

Jake watched them walk to their horses. Funny, despite the great loss they were causing him, he felt no hate toward them. A little disgust for Marty; a little pity for the younger one.

"Aren't you going to ask us to come again?" Marty asked, and roared with laughter.

"You're a good cook . . . thanks," Les said quickly, then spurred his horse and rode off at a gallop. Marty had to move quickly to catch up with him.

Jake sat for a long time staring in their direction. There went his big hope. For a moment he felt remorse for adhering so directly to Bessie's whims. It was sort of like being whipped. He knew what Bessie would say when he told her. "I'm proud of you, Jake. Using your head! I'd much rather have you safe and sound than all the gold in the world."

He wanted to go right on to Preston that night, but he knew his horses were tired and night traveling was hard. The sky was black all over with no trace of sunset left, when he finally moved. There was a thin strip of the moon showing, but no stars. The fire had gone out. He felt depressed clear through. He walked over to the horses, checked them, and walked around the wagon.

He knew he'd never sleep, but he couldn't walk around all night. At last he pulled some blankets from the wagon and spread them thickly on the ground, then lay down. He didn't remember ever being annoyed before by the coyotes' howling. But now it made him feel foreign and unwanted.

Suddenly he drew up sharply. A horse was approaching. He gritted his teeth as he remembered the bandit taking his gun. They probably decided their horses were too done-in and were coming back to take his. Well, a fellow could take only so much!

HE wouldn't give up without a fight. He reached silently for a large limb to use as a club. Then he edged over to the side of the wagon.

The horse was close, coming slowly. Then it stopped. "Hey, you . . . . johnnycake cook!" Jake held his breath as he heard Les' voice. "Come out where I can see you."

Jake gave all his emotions vent as he yelled at the bandit. "You robbed me and ate my food. What more do you want?" and he walked boldly over to the approaching horse.

In the soft night light, Jake could see Les' face, and he felt a tinge of surprise that he still saw the insecurity there. He tightened his grip on the dead limb, just the same.

Bessie dear, he said to himself,

I'm sorry, but I can't see doing your way any longer.

"Is it really true about your wife and two kids, I mean . . .?" Les asked, mumbling.

Jake gasped under his breath. "Call me a liar now, too," he yelled. "Do I look like the kind of man to let you take all I had without a fight unless I had a good reason?"

Les, on the horse, towered above him. He held the money and the furs. "I want those kids to have a good life. I had a hard time convincing Marty that you needed this worse than we did. It's been so long since anyone asked me to stay to dinner. I want you to know it's the best meal I ever had . . . ."

He threw the money and furs to the ground, hesitated a second, and threw Jake's gun down, also, then wheeled his horse and rode off.

Jake stood for a long time, listening to the last of the hoofbeats die out, before he started to pick up his belongings. In his heart, he silently thanked God for Bessie's way of life and prayed that the young bandit would find peace for his good deed. And, yes, the older one, too.

I Did Not Know

Zara Sabin

I did not know the locust trees had bloomed—
It seems just yesterday each branch was bleak
And bare, stiff against the morning light;
No sign of leaf or bud, but now they speak
A myriad tone from songs of seeking bees—
For suddenly the air is redolent
With perfume drifting down from flower-filled trees.

Silence

Catherine E. Berry

The day walks silently away
As night draws down the shades;
There is no sound when stars come out,
Or when the twilight fades.

No one can hear the crescent moon
That drifts across the sky;
And there is not a breath of sound
When clouds go sailing by.

The shattered dream, the passing time,
Play out their silent part,
And no one in this room can hear
The breaking of my heart.

Land of the Water Birds

Willard Luce

TODAY you don't have to sail down Bear River in a buffalo-hide canoe to reach Bear River Bay and see "millions of ducks and geese," as Jim Bridger did in 1824. Not at all. You just take the fifteen mile, hard-surfaced highway west of Brigham City, Utah. This takes you to the headquarters of the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge. From here you take a twelve-mile circle over a gravel road placed atop dirt dikes constructed to keep the fresh water from the river free from the salt water of Great Salt Lake.

Of course you won't see those "millions of ducks and geese" unless you happen to arrive at the height of the fall migratory season which reaches its peak during September. But then ducks and geese make up only part of the 198 species recorded at the Refuge, sixty of which nest there.

One of the most interesting nesters is the small, brown and white avocet. Gliding along on tall, stilt-like, blue legs, this bird could do things to the hundred yard dash record for shore birds. When he flies along with your car, he makes a noise that could easily startle you into reaching for the oil can.

If you should get there during the avocet's nesting season, late May and early June, you might find a nest along the dikes. The birds make no effort to hide their nests, and there are certainly plenty of them beside the road; but unless you actually see a bird leave her nest, you'll likely not find it. The eggs are large, grayish-brown with black markings. They are laid in shallow depressions in the ground lined with a few blades of grass.

And should you find a nest, or especially a baby bird, the avocets will put on a show such as you have never seen before. They will lie down and hold one wing up in the air as if it were broken. They will run down the road for half a mile in front of you or in front of your car in various attitudes of distress. They will hold up both wings and come straight at you as though intending to run you through with their long, thin, curved bills. They'll squawk and scream and fly around like mad, all to keep your attention on them instead of on the nest or the baby.

Another nester, about the same size and build as the avocet, is the black-necked stilt. This bird is black and white and has long, red legs.

From 3000 to 4000 Canadian geese also use the Refuge as a nesting ground. As soon as the young hatch they are found along the dikes. As a car approaches they move out onto the ponds like a flotilla of battleships and destroyers —mother and father at both ends and all the young between. Here a pair of field glasses comes in mighty handy, since a family of geese aren't exactly the most sociable birds in the world when it comes to striking up acquaintances with mankind.

Courtesy United States Fish and Wildlife Service

BLACK-NECKED STILTS

There is still another nester you should become acquainted with, since he stays around the Refuge most of the year. This is the western grebe, often called the hell-diver. He's the magician — now you see him, now you don't. His is a simple act, but one you'll never tire of watching. When you get a little too close, he simply dives down under the water. The real sport is to guess where he'll come up again. Ten to one, you will be wrong.

THERE are, of course, a great many other birds you'll see. The largest concentration of whistling swans in the United States, for instance, is found at the Bear River Refuge during the fall migration. Flocks of 15,000 are sometimes seen.

Long lines of pelicans can be seen in the air and offshore, where they catch trash fish for themselves and their young. The snowy egret (Brewster's egret) and the black-crowned night heron can be found fishing at most of the spillways. The yellow-headed blackbird is a bright and beautiful nester. And, of course, there are the little black mud hens, or American coots, fighting and quarreling among themselves or sailing along the canals with their young. They are awkward out on land, and when trying to get into the air, they make a terrific racket, churning up the water for a hundred feet or more before succeeding.

You likely won't see many animals except possibly the muskrat. Conditions seem to be just right for the propagation of this little animal; so much so that each year trappers with special permits invade the area. Each trapper is allowed so many pelts—providing he can catch that many during the short season. All rats are skinned at the Refuge, and half the furs go to the trapper and half go to the Government.

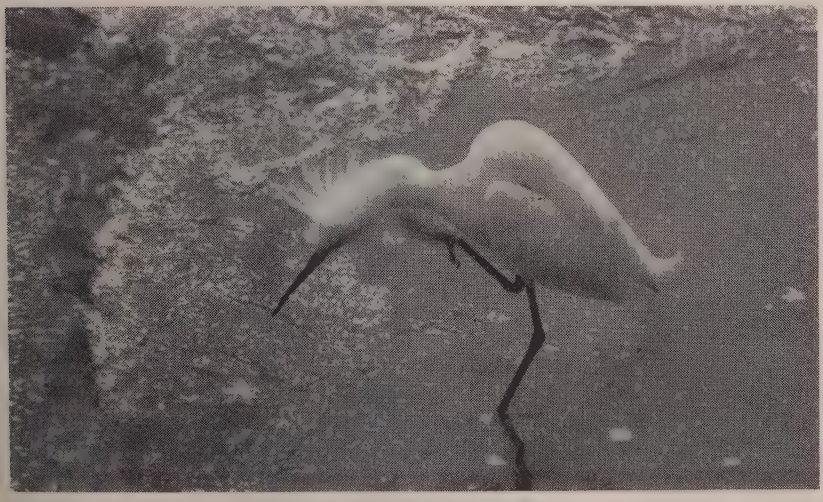
Around 7,000 pelts are taken each year.

Two things brought about the establishment of the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge. Indications are that the Indians used the Bear River Bay area for hunting and egg gatherings, and all the early explorers remarked about how numerous the birds were there. Then in the late eighteen hundreds, commercial hunters invaded the locality. It is estimated that during the last ten years of the century, 200,000 ducks were slain annually for the eastern markets. Soon after this terrific destruction a disease known as botulism was noticed. The disease grew and spread until in 1910 half a million ducks died around the mouth of Bear River.

Local gun clubs and sportsmen's organizations attacked the problem, and, in 1928, the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge was established by a special act of Congress. The Refuge had three purposes: to devise means of curbing the heavy loss of bird life from botulism; to provide a suitable resting and feeding area for the birds during spring and fall migrations; and to give food and shelter to birds that breed in the locality.

ALL these purposes have been accomplished and more. Although established for the birds and not the people, the Bear River Refuge has from 20,000 to 25,000 visitors of the human variety every year.

A banding program has numbered and banded more than 36,000 birds on the Refuge. These have been traced to twenty-nine states, to Alaska, Canada, Mexico, and Honduras. A pintail was found at Palmyra Island in the Pacific Ocean just eighty-three days after it had been released from the Bear River bird hospital where it had been treated



W. Grant McFarland

BREWSTER'S EGRET
Photographed at Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge, Utah

Photographs by W. F. Kubichek, Archie V. Hull, and W. Grant McFarland

LONG-BILLED CURLEW, TRUMPETER SWAN, AND AVOCET

for botulism. Palmyra Island is 3,600 miles from Bear River.

Continuous bird and nesting censuses are taken. Sick birds are treated and areas of botulism concentration have been drained. Bird food has been planted. A hundred-foot steel observation tower has been erected at the Refuge headquarters. From the tower, and with the aid of fieldglasses, you can see over the entire 65,000 acre Refuge.

All this adds up to more and healthier birds. It gives additional knowledge concerning bird migrations. And, more important to traveling America, it provides a convenient area for observing and studying wild birds in their natural habitat—birds which most of us would never even see if it were not for the Bear River or one of the other refuges run by the Fish and Wildlife Service, United States Department of the Interior.

At Easter Dawn

Iris W. Schow

I woke to see that bars of light
Announce the Easter dawn,
And knew the sunrise song was sung;
The moment was withdrawn.

I thought how many must have slept
Long on that sacred night
When morning came for every soul
Before the dawning light,
While those astir through loyal grief
Beheld in wonderment
And mounting joy, a fallen stone,
A folded cerement.

The Wall

Myrtle M. Dean

JEFF pointed out the old picket fence that separated their lot from the neighbor's. "It will need a lot of repair of broken pickets and a new coat of paint," he said.

"It looks quaint and charming. I like it," Paula answered, "but of course we don't want any barriers between us and our neighbors, do we? If it is too bad, we'll just have the fence taken away."

They had just bought this place and moved in late yesterday. It was a big, old-fashioned house, out on the edge of town.

"It's like getting out of jail for the children, after their being cooped up in a tiny place in town," Jeff said, looking pleased.

"Maybe later on we can build a modernistic, dream home, but, for now, this is heavenly," Paula told him.

Paula walked with Jeff to the car. He would have to ride into town each day now to his job. They stood for a moment watching Judy's chubby, little, three-year-old legs toddling after her six-year-old brother, Steven, as they ran joyously about the wide lawn.

Paula and the children waved goodbye to Jeff, then she wandered about the grounds. She loved the tall birches at the back and the old-fashioned yellow roses in one corner of the lot. As she walked near the old picket fence she was startled as she saw a small, thin-shouldered boy, with enormous brown eyes and solemn face, watching her. His face was pressed close, peering through the pickets.

How nice, Paula thought, someone for Steven to play with. She smiled and drew closer.

"Hi, there," she said.

The child did not answer her greeting, but studied her closely. His face held a distrustful scowl.

Paula tried again, "We are your new neighbors, and we have a little boy, just about your size. Maybe you can play together, huh?"

For a moment the child's face softened and his eyes lighted. Then suddenly the frown returned, and he said firmly, "I don't want neighbors." He stood looking at the ground, digging the toe of his shoe into the dust, then turned and moved slowly toward his own house, leaving Paula in shocked surprise.

Well, something must have really upset him this morning. Another time he may be anxious to be friends. I'll just let the children make their own advances of friendship, she told herself.

Paula had almost forgotten the boy, when a little later, Steven came screaming as though a desperado were after him. She ran to the door, startled.

"That naughty boy . . . that mean, naughty boy chased me with a big stick, and he won't play with me. He hit me," Steven wailed.

Paula felt puzzled and rather discouraged at such a beginning, when she had thought everything was going to be so perfect here.

"What did you do to make him act that way, Steve?" Paula asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all. I just went on his side of the fence; he told me to git, and he hit me."

I'd better go have a talk with the boy's mother, Paula thought, then decided to wait and talk the matter over with Jeff.

Jeff took the matter lightly. "Just the animal instinct, king of the jungle, cock of the roost stuff," he said. "They will be playing like David and Jonathan, soon."

IT didn't seem to go that way. Every time the boys got together things ended in an argument, or Steve came crying from a hurt.

Paula had learned a few facts about the neighbors, although they had never called. She had seen the child's mother take a bus in front of the house. The boy had told Steven that his mother worked downtown. Paula had noted that she was young and blonde and very pretty; perhaps a few years younger than she. The boy's name was Danny. But about the child's father she had learned nothing so far. She had never seen a man about. Another thing she was curious about, who looked after Danny?

Then one day as she watched the children playing, she heard Steve and Danny talking. She had noticed often how Danny came to the fence and watched hungrily, when Jeff romped and played with the children as they met him when he returned from work. Now she smiled at the competitive attitude they were taking in regard to their daddies.

"My daddy is going to take me fishing next Saturday. Don't you wish that you were going fishing?" Steve spoke in a tantalizing tone.

For a moment Danny's countenance fell, then, after a little thoughtful study he came back boastfully, "Naw, my daddy knows where the biggest fish are. He takes me, and I can catch fish this long." The child measured his hands, stretching them two feet apart.

Steve's eyes showed envy. Then he spoke again, "My daddy plays horse with me, and I can ride him, even when he bucks like a bronco."

Danny looked very solemn for awhile, then brightened as he said, "Ah, but my daddy bought me a really live pony. We keep him in a pasture, but when my daddy comes he'll let me ride him."

"Where is your daddy? I haven't seen him yet?" Steve asked.

A trace of color stained the boy's cheeks as he hesitated for quite awhile, then he faced Steve with firm lips, "My daddy . . . why, my daddy is a jet pilot. He can fly faster than anybody in the whole army. Sometimes he buzzes right over our house. Sometime you will hear him."

Steve came to his mother, his eyes wide with excitement. He spoke half accusingly, "Mother, Danny's daddy is a jet pilot, and he can fly awful fast." Then, looking rather dejected, he complained, "Why can't my daddy fly a jet, instead of working in an old bank, downtown? They catch big fish, too, and Danny has a real live pony."

"Yes, but your daddy loves you very, very much, Steven. He comes home every night to play with you . . . ." Paula gave her boy a loving pat, and said, "Run along

now, and play."

She watched him go. There was still a bit of envy in his eyes. Danny and his daddy have suddenly become heroes, she thought. She could not help comparing the two children: Steven, with his healthy, fine body and wearing a neat and clean cotton play suit; Danny, thin-shouldered and with spindle legs, wearing faded jeans and T-shirt.

PAULA felt impatient. With a father being a jet pilot, they should have plenty. Danny's mother should be able to remain home with him. He's likely to turn out to be a juvenile delinquent, Paula said to herself. Jeff doesn't make one third as much as a jet pilot, but I'll do without all the extras, and take care of my children, she thought with self-pride. Just this morning she remembered Danny saying, "Mommy, please stay home, like Steven's mommy does. I want you to be home with me."

Paula could not hear the mother's reply, but she had kissed the boy, then hurried to catch her bus.

Paula's peace of mind was not increased by Mrs. Rigby's visit. Mrs. Rigby lived down the highway a few blocks. She had lived out here for years, so she seemed to know about all the people.

"I hear you have bought this place," Mrs. Rigby said.

"Yes, we think we will like it here very much. So much more freedom for the children, and it's a nice old place," Paula said.

"Well, I hope you won't be disappointed." Mrs. Rigby waited, watching Paula's face, then continued, "That neighbor boy is quite a problem, they say. I hear that the last two families left here on his account."

"Oh, surely it isn't that bad. I think we shall stay out here." Paula did not want to get tangled or prejudiced by neighborhood gossip, yet that child had proved to be unfriendly, and hard to understand.

When it was time to plant the bedding plants, Paula let Steven help her. He carried water in his little watering can and poured on each plant, as Paula set them in the rows along the picket fence. As usual, Danny came running and stood on the other side of the pickets, watching with solemn eyes.

"Wouldn't you like to have a pretty flower garden?" Steve asked, innocently.

Danny replied quickly. "My flowers are on the other side of our house. There's pretty roses and everything."

Early the next morning Steve ran out to see the flowers they had planted.

"I want to see if they bloomed in the night," he said.

"Oh, flowers don't blossom that fast," Paula told him, laughing.

In a few moments the child came from the yard, crying heartbrokenly, "Oh, Mommy, come and see, come and see our flowers, hurry, our flowers are all spoiled."

"What do you mean, all spoiled, Steven?"

There could be only one answer to the disheveled flower border. Some of the plants were uprooted, and many trampled. The whole border showed evidence of small footprints in the damp earth. Paula's impatience had turned to anger. She saw Danny peeking from behind his house, watching Steve's tears and

her discovery. His mother had already gone, and her first thought was to rush out and give the boy a sound spanking, with her own two hands. Someone should correct the child. She thought of going and finding out who was really responsible for the boy through the day, but hesitated long enough to decide to wait and turn the matter over to Jeff.

JEFF showed surprise at her proposal that the old, picket fence be taken away and be replaced by a nice tall, block wall.

"Why, walls are for new, modernistic places," he said. "A picket fence looks much more appropriate, here. I thought I heard you say once that we didn't want any barriers between us and our neighbors."

"You know that it is that child, Jeff. I just can't cope with him longer." Tears of exasperation sprang to her eyes at the light way Jeff spoke of the matter.

Jeff's eyes grew serious, and he spoke carefully, "Listen, Paula, we just can't do away with a problem by hiding it behind a wall. Perhaps there is something deeper than we know behind the boy's behavior .... Maybe we can help."

"Yes, with you gone all day, it becomes my problem, Jeff." Paula spoke intensely.

"But we cannot isolate our children. We must face life and its problems, Paula. Down in town, there were too many children, all kinds. Here we have one problem child, we must help correct that, too," Jeff spoke earnestly.

"Let his own jet pilot of a father come and pilot his own son for awhile," Paula decided firmly.

Jeff conceded quietly. The wall was completed in a few days. Paula felt glad; her own two children played peaceably together. No Danny near to disturb them. She had really expected that he might not let the wall hinder.

"I don't like that old wall," Steve said one morning. "I want to play with Danny."

He will have to get used to it, Paula thought. He actually looks on Danny as quite a hero .... She saw that Steven was lonely and even becoming resentful. I'll have to do something about it, she told herself.

"I'll take you to the park," she told him, "there will be lots of children there to play with. You can ride the ponies, and swing and slide and everything."

Paula found that Steven was not the only one who missed Danny. Often she caught herself wondering what the child was doing. As she would walk along the wall, tending the flowers, she could almost feel the boy's presence, and she would think of the thin-faced child, and now as she thought of him, his eyes looked big and sad, and almost accusing. At times she heard footsteps, close on the other side, but always they receded and died away. But she could not see through the wall.

Well, the boy isn't my responsibility, she told herself. I have a right to have a wall built. Nearly every one has nowadays. One thing is certain, Danny's mother must have forbidden the child to intrude on our premises. She can take a hint at least. Maybe this will teach her a lesson, Paula

thought, trying to salve her conscience.

Then it was Saturday, and Jeff had taken Steve and gone up Cherry Creek to fish. They had left early. Now baby Judy was taking her nap, so Paula went to work in the border of flowers along the wall. She heard a sound on the other side. Yes, surely it was a child crying. It was not a cry of anger, or from a hurt, but a broken-hearted sobbing.

IT is Danny I'm sure, but what has happened? she thought. His mother is at work, but why doesn't someone come to him. Suddenly, she wanted to be the one to go to him. But I can't, she thought. He wouldn't want me. She felt suddenly very ashamed. I should have learned more about the family, she told herself.

"Danny," she called through the wall.

The sobbing ceased for a moment, then she heard stifled, low weeping, but Danny did not answer. Paula walked around the wall to where the child lay, his head buried in his arms on the grass.

"Danny, what is it, what is wrong?" Paula's voice was tender.

The child raised his tear-stained face, his eyes hard and fierce, and his body tense.

"Go away . . . . Go away," he said savagely.

"But, Danny, I want to help you." Paula bent down to touch the child on the shoulder, but he tightened and drew away from her.

"You don't like me. And you made a big wall to keep me away. You are like all the others; you go away." Danny spoke between sobs.

"But, Danny, you didn't want to be friends. I tried, but you trampled the flowers, and you didn't play like a nice boy."

For a moment the child's head lowered, but Paula could not see shame in his face, only heartbreak.

"Nobody wants me around. You are like old Mr. and Mrs. Daniels. When they moved here, they told me they didn't want any pesky kids around bothering them. I just went over to see if they had any kids to play with. Then one day I picked just one pretty rose that was sticking through to our side of the fence. Old Mrs. Daniels saw me and she called me a little thief. I wasn't stealing, I just wanted it for my grandma."

Paula felt a tight lump in her throat as she watched the child try to stifle a sob, as he continued, "The next family had two boys. They were bigger than me. They called me a little squirt, and told me to git home, they weren't going to have me tagging them around." He hesitated slightly, then said, "I took one of their baseballs and hid it, because they wouldn't let me play."

"Oh, Danny, I'm so sorry; come now and let's wipe your tears on this nice clean hanky." Paula tried to raise the child to his feet, but he was still tense in his thin body.

"I want to be a friend, Danny, and so does Steve."

DANNY said forcefully, "But Steve and his daddy went fishing today, didn't they? I saw them go this morning in the car."

"Why, yes, they did go, but . . . ."

"And I didn't get to go. They went without me." Danny's tears coursed down his face in fresh rivu-

lets. "Why didn't they let me go too? I wanted to go."

"But Danny, you said that you would go with your daddy. That you knew where the biggest fish are."

For a moment he stood there looking small and frightened, and, somehow, desperate. Then he lifted his eyes to hers, and they held a look of pleading.

"I don't go fishing . . . never, not ever at all. And I don't have a real pony either, nor a flower garden by our house, like I told Steve." The child hesitated briefly, then went on with a burst of emotion, "And I don't even have a daddy, not even a daddy. I don't at all, 'cause he got killed when I was just little. He wasn't a jet pilot, like I said. He just got killed in an old car."

"Oh, Danny, dear, I'm so sorry. I didn't know." Paula had trouble meeting the child's accusing eyes, she was so aware of her petty injustice, of her misjudgment of him and his mother. She put her arm about the boy's slender body. He relaxed now, and leaned against her. He looked weary and emotionally spent.

"I want to be your friend, Danny. And Steven has missed you a lot. You and he can play together again, and you can share Stevie's daddy. He has such a big strong back; I'll bet both of you can ride him for a horsie. You won't let him throw you when he bucks and jumps either, will you?" Paula was smiling now, "You want to be friends, don't you?"

The child raised his flushed, eager face. His eyes were wide and shining, as though a light had just been turned on. As though he knew she really meant it.

"But Danny who cares for you all day, while mother is away at work?" Paula asked him.

"It's my grandma. I like my grandma; but she can't come outside or do much of anything, 'cause she is sick and crippled. She has to stay in bed or in her chair."

"I want to meet your grandma, Danny. Please take me to her."

The boy's hot, little hand rested confidently in her own, as he led her in to meet his grandma.

The Reason

Sadie Ollorton Clark

Why did I fall in love with you, dear heart?
I'll tell it in a sentence short and sweet.
You smiled at me one morning and my heart—
It skipped a beat.

It was autumn when we met and thus did greet;
The leaves were falling and the wind was sharp.
But to my ears the birds were singing sweet,
And spring is with me still, though years depart.
That first performance often does repeat;
Your smile can still play havoc with my heart—
It skips a beat.

Constance Cole

WATER LILIES

Strange Chemistry

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

By what strange chemistry
  Does April conjure gold
From loam and sun and sea
  For lily cups to hold?

Through what solution pass
  The sheets of ice and snow
To form this ruby glass
  The tulip goblets show?

The beakers filled again
  With like ingredients
Create a cool, green stain
  And purple lilac scents.

From these same chemicals
  The butterfly takes wing;
The petal comes and falls,
  And wild canaries sing.

Courtesy Oregon Bulb Farms

HEART'S DESIRE LILIES

The blossoms are enormous, widely expanded, a soft greenish-ivory tint. The texture is soft and velvet-like, rather than smooth and shining.

Lilies—1955 Varieties

Dorthea N. Newbold

Deseret News Garden Editor

LET'S talk about lilies for your garden — lilies that are as new as tomorrow, and lilies that are as old as the ages. Let's talk about lilies that have their origin in the far corners of the earth: in Palestine, Lebanon, Japan, China, and in the United States and Canada. Let's take a look at what the hybridizers have done with the original wildlings — the results of years of painstaking efforts, for there are hundreds of new varieties of lilies that will thrive in your garden.

We refer to the true lily, and the hybrids, members of the genus *Lilium*, which is a very small part of the much greater *Liliaceae* family. Botanists have placed such widely separated plants as onions, asparagus, Fritillaria, day lily, grape hyacinth, tulip, Sansevieria, and yucca

in the *Lilaceae* family. Then there are many other plants which are called "lilies," but they belong to other plant families. An example is the lovely perennial, Eremurus, commonly known as the foxtail lily. Polyanthus lily is not a lily at all, but is the fragrant tuberose. There are many others. The true lilies are few in number, there being a few more than eighty-seven known species, while in the greater family of *Liliaceae* there are more than 2,000 separate species.

By "specie" we refer to the original wildling lily, found growing in woodlands, high on mountain peaks, at sea level, on the sun-baked hills and prairies, or in swamp lands. Specie lilies are found everywhere in the world. It is a matter of history that soon after Canada was discovered, lily bulbs were among the first items to be transported to the Old World. They were eagerly sought by amateur gardeners. Early records show that lilies, native of Canada, were grown in gardens in London and Paris.

Later, when trade with China and Japan was opened, thousands of lily bulbs were gathered and shipped from those countries to other parts of the world. In 1832, the beautiful *Lilium speciosum* arrived in America from Japan. *Lilium Henryi*, which has been used extensively for hybridizing and has exerted such influence on our modern lilies, came from Japan to the United States in 1889.

Then, with the advance of civilization to the west coast of North America, dozens of new specie lilies were found. These were collected, named, and shipped to growers all over the world.

Lilies have been tagged with the label "difficult to grow." This reputation is undoubtedly the result of distributors digging and shipping the bulbs of specie lilies to all parts of the country, with no thought about being able to duplicate the conditions under which the specie lily had been thriving. All specie lilies will grow in gardens, providing the prevailing conditions are similar to those under which the lily has been growing while in the uncultivated areas of our lands.

THE ethereal beauty of lilies has intrigued hybridizers, and their

Courtesy Oregon Bulb Farms

LILY (PROSPERITY)

Belongs to the Mid-Century hybrid lilies, a lovely cool lemon-yellow; outward facing flowers. Vigorous and hardy, it makes large clumps in borders, and grows to four feet in height.

Courtesy Oregon Bulb Farms

LILIUM AURATUM PLATYPHYLLUM

A vigorous and broad-leafed lily, with the upper part of the ray crimson, and the remainder golden and heavily spotted crimson.

efforts with those plants have shown surprisingly good results. They have been able to develop hundreds of new varieties of unexcelled beauty.

With the introduction of these newer, hardier varieties, and armed with a wider knowledge of lily culture, the amateur gardener can now ignore that label of "difficult to grow," and go ahead, assured that the hybrid lilies will bring unsurpassed beauty to his garden.

Vital factors in successful lily culture include the procurement of good, firm bulbs with the root system intact. A lily bulb with a severed root system is hampered from the very beginning. Avoid purchasing bulbs that are dried out.

A lily should be handled as a living plant. It does not have a dormant period as do tulips and daffodils. Bulbs should be kept moist and cool even in transit and storage. Plant as soon as you receive them. Never let a lily bulb stay around waiting until you can find the time to do the planting. A good lily bulb deserves prompt attention.

Most gardeners are familiar with the terms "perennial," "annual," and "biennial." Did you know that a lily is all three of these? The stem is annual, growing from the soil to

produce stem, leaves, flowers, and seeds, and dying, all in one season. The bulb is perennial, as it lives on from year to year. And the roots are biennial.

Let's consider the root system, because it is so important to the welfare of the bulb. Roots formed during the growing season when a bulb is planted will furnish nutrients from the soil to the new shoot as it is formed. These same roots live a part of, or in some instances, all of the following year, and at the same time, another set of roots is forming. These roots provide for a great increase in foliage. That is why lilies planted from newly purchased bulbs will do much better the second year, providing they are left undisturbed in their new garden home.

Garden soils that will produce good vegetables, will, as a general rule, produce good lilies. The soil should be porous, and contain plenty of humus and leaf mold.

Most lilies prefer a slightly acid to neutral soil. However, if your garden soil is on the alkaline side, do not be discouraged, there are lilies which tolerate alkali. Among these are *L. candidium;* Martagon hybrids; *Lilium Davidi; Lilium Henryi;* Olympic hybrids, Mid-Century hybrids, and *Lilium auratum.*

PERFECT drainage is a must for successful lily culture. A slight slope in the garden is fine. Lacking that, and desiring to plant a large area in lilies, you might raise the beds above the level of the surrounding areas. Naturally, this in-

Courtesy Oregon Bulb Farms

JOAN EVANS LILY

Late flowering, broad-petaled, golden-yellow flowers spotted with maroon; blossoms held upright on the stems.

volves work. But do not be guilty of thinking that you can provide the needed drainage by placing a pocket of sand in which to set each bulb. If the surrounding soil is heavy, water is drawn to the sand pocket, and will cause the bulb to rot.

The Horticultural Department of the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sakatchewan, Canada, was faced with the problem of winter hardiness of lilies. As a result of extensive tests and hybridizing, they have produced some outstanding lily varieties that are completely hardy. The named varieties you might like to try in your garden include two creamy-whites, White Gold and White Princess. Pink Charm and Edith Cecilia are pink; Rose Dawn and Rose Queen are deep old rose. Plants of these varieties will grow three to six feet tall, blooms are of the reflex type and range in size from three to five inches across. Bulbs can endure temperatures to forty degrees below zero.

Courtesy Oregon Bulb Farms

SUNBURST LILIES

Available in apricot, ivory, orange, pale yellow, and in a bi-color. Plants form clumps in the border.

Plant lilies in groups in the perennial borders, or set them against a shrubbery border, where their beauty can show to advantage. Plantings may be made along drives and walks. Or plant them in beds. Be sure the soil is rich in humus and leaf mold and that the area is well drained. Lilies love a cool root run, but this does not mean that they should be planted in the shade or even semi-shade. Rather, give them a mulch and let them bask in the sun. If securing mulching material is a problem, use a living ground cover. Try a shallow rooting annual as candytuft, portulacca, or annual phlox.

IF you garden in an area where summer rains are few, be sure you irrigate the lilies about once each week, soaking the soil to a depth of six inches. Avoid wetting the foliage. Damp foliage encourages disease.

The near perfect lily of them all can be found in the Aurelian group from the Heart's Desire strain. The enormous, widely expanded flowers have a texture unlike other lilies, for it is soft and velvet-like, rather than smooth and shining. The blooms are a soft greenish-ivory.

Courtesy Oregon Bulb Farms
ENCHANTMENT LILY

Upright lily of excellent habit. Flowers are a vivid nasturtium-red. Easy to grow, vigorous, hardy, and disease-resistant. (patented)

From the Mid-Century group comes a new color in lilies. *Lilium prosperity* has blooms that are a cool, lemon yellow; flowers are outward facing. This delicate coloring has been eagerly sought by hybridizers. Plants grow to four feet, make large clumps through natural division. Disease resistant, the Mid-Century groups are extremely vigorous and hardy. Enchantment is probably the best known variety in this group.

Sunburst lilies will be an asset in the perennial border. They form good sized clumps and come in apricot, ivory, orange, pale yellow, and yellow.

Then there are the Rainbow hybrids, the Green Mountain hybrids, Fiesta hybrids, and Miss Preston hybrids. This is only a partial listing.

The correct planting depth for lilies is a problem. They should not be planted too deep. Lilies are divided into two groups: the base-rooters, which produce roots only from the bottom of the bulbs, and the stem rooters which also send out roots from the stem above the bulb. Stem rooters should be planted a little deeper than the base rooters. When you purchase lily bulbs, make sure that the nurseryman gives you this important information.

Let Me Hear Laughter

Frances Myrtle Atkinson

When I am old and wait the twilight call,
Though body-worn, may I with youth's delight
Hear quiet laughter in a waterfall
While moonbeams veil the loveliness of night.
May April fingers, tapping out a song
Upon my window, bid me see the hills
With greening bluebelled carpets; and a throng
Of nodding, waving, dancing daffodils.
Let me still hear the meadow lark in spring
Playing his flute, releasing crystal showers.
Let my glad heart forget its age and sing,
Climbing the hills of thought for April flowers.
Let me hear laughter in a waterfall,
When I am old and wait the twilight call.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

MESSAGE FROM THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH: Nothing is so much calculated to lead people to forsake sin as to take them by the hand and watch over them in tenderness. When persons manifest the least kindness and love towards me, O what power it has over my mind while the opposite course has a tendency to harrow up all the harsh feelings and oppress the human mind . . . . The power and glory of Godliness is spread out in a broad principle to throw out the mantle of charity . . . . If you would have God have mercy on you have mercy on one another . . . . We must walk uprightly all day long. How glorious are the principles of righteousness . . . . If the sisters love the Lord let them feed the sheep and not destroy them . . . . The best measure or principle to bring the poor to repentance is to administer to their wants—the society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls . . . .

From the Proceedings of the Eleventh Meeting of the Nauvoo Relief Society

PATRIOTISM: We believe that patriotic teaching in the school, the introduction of the American Flag into every schoolroom in the land and its salute as the symbol and prophecy of peace, of progress, of universal liberty, and obedience to the laws of the land, and of equal rights under the Constitution, would unite the nation's children, strengthen love of law, and develop the spirit of patriotism, which is the life of the Republic.

—From Resolutions Passed by the National Council of Women, 1895

HUNTING A HAT

With superstitious dread I view
A thing all black and sober,
No matter if I was born in
The late month of October.
Nor do I want my hat to bear
Art's tinsel grapes and cherries,
Or like Italian vender's tray
Piled up with flowers and berries . . . .

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE AT MONTPELIER, IDAHO: President Lindsey was pleased with the reports given, also thankful for the good condition of the Relief Society on this side of the river as this shows the sisters are improving. Said we had a great labor to perform as daughters of Zion, and there are great blessings in store for us if we are faithful, we should remember the teachings of our Savior and try to follow his worthy example and be kind and charitable towards all, not allowing ourselves to indulge in selfishness . . . . She spoke of continuing to celebrate the 17th of March the anniversary of Relief Society . . . .

—Jane Osborn, Asst. Sec.

HOW TO RAISE MULBERRY TREES: After trimming the old trees, take the slips and cut to about eighteen inches long, and plant in the bottom and against one side of a ditch eight inches deep; the slips about two feet apart and with one or more buds in the soil, and two or more buds above the top of the ditch.

—Ella Pyper

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

IN the Eighty-fourth Congress, which convened in Washington, D.C., January 5th, seventeen women —the highest number to date—were seated. Fourteen women—the second highest number—sat in the Eighty-third Congress. Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith (R), Maine, remains our only woman Senator. The new members of the House of Representatives are: Mrs. Iris Blitch (D), Georgia; Mrs. Joseph Farrington (R), delegate from Hawaii; Mrs. Edith Green (D), Oregon; Mrs. Martha Griffiths (D), Michigan; Mrs. Coya Knutson (D), Minnesota. Members reelected are: Mrs. Frances P. Bolton (R), Ohio, in the House since 1940; Mrs. Marguerite Stitt Church (R), Illinois; Mrs. Vera Buchanan (D), Pennsylvania; Mrs. Cecil Harden (R), Indiana; Mrs. Elizabeth Kee (D), West Virginia; Mrs. Gracie Pfost (D), Idaho, second term; Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers (D), Massachusetts, member of the House since 1925; Mrs. Leonor K. Sullivan (D), Missouri, first woman elected to Congress from her state; Mrs. Katherine St. George (R), New York; Mrs. Ruth Thompson (R), Michigan, first woman elected to Congress from her state; Mrs. Edna Kelly (D), New York.

CHRISTIANE RITTER'S *A Woman in the Polar Night*, translated from the German by Jane Degras, is a narrative of the author's life with her husband for a year, off the northern coast of Spitsbergen. The drama and bleakness, the peace and serenity of that mysterious region, with their effect upon the human soul, are beautifully told.

MABEL HARMER, well-known Latter-day Saint author, and contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* has a new book off the press in February—*The True Book of the Circus*, published by The Children's Press, Chicago. Beautifully illustrated by Loran Wilford, it is one of the series of True Books which are published under the direction of the University of Chicago.

KIRSTI ILVESSALO and DORA JUNG, young girls from Finland, won two of the twenty-seven grand prizes awarded at Milan, Italy, at the tenth Triennial of Decorating and Industrial Arts.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Dolly McFerson Brown, Clearfield, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Annie Poxon Rhinehart, ninety-three, of Hazelwood, Pennsylania, and Mrs. Sarah Ann Smith Boren, ninety-three, Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 APRIL 1955 NO. 4

Appreciation of the Gospel

MUCH of the unhappiness that prevails in the world today comes from an ignorance of the purpose of life, and an uncertainty of that which awaits us after this life. In these times of great calamity that has befallen the world, when the hearts of men and women are failing them, there is an increasing need for comfort and guidance from a higher source than earth can produce, a fuller understanding of the purpose of earth life, and an increased hope of life and happiness after death.

How highly blessed are the Latter-day Saints, as a people who have received so much light and knowledge on these subjects through the channel of divine revelation! In this respect, if in no other, the Latter-day Saints should be the happiest, the most contented, the most joyous, and the most appreciative of all people that live; for, not only has the knowledge of the purpose of this earthly existence been communicated to us, but we have had revealed to us an understanding of where we came from, how our earth life can be made to contribute the most to our own happiness here and hereafter, and also much knowledge concerning our future estate, and how eternal happiness may be obtained.

Everyone is seeking for happiness; it is said to be the goal of our lives, our life's work, indeed, the purpose of our being. The Book of Mormon prophet Lehi said it this way: ". . . men are that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25). But the world does not know how to obtain that joy. In order to obtain happiness we must understand and abide the laws governing it. Again we are fortunate in having modern-day revelation, for another Book of Mormon prophet, Alma, gives us the law upon which happiness is predicated. He tells us that there is no real happiness in wickedness, no real enjoyment in sin and transgression, that the only source of real enjoyment and perfect happiness is in the observance of the laws of truth and righteousness. Where Latter-day Saints are not enjoying the peace and satisfaction the gospel is designed to give them, the cause is generally a lack of appreciation and gratitude for these blessings, which result in a failure to render obedience to the commandments of the Lord.

It is well for us to review, from time to time, some of the gifts and blessings of the restored gospel, as an aid in the cultivation of a proper feeling of appreciation and gratitude to our Father for the blessings and privileges which we enjoy as a people. Blessed indeed, are we who know for an absolute certainty that God has inspired prophets and apostles on the earth, to enlighten

and guide his people through all the vicissitudes of life; blessed indeed, are we to know that these divinely appointed men will be instructed and prepared for the events that are to transpire before the great and dreadful day of the coming of the Lord, of which glorious event the present sorrows and confusion of the world are but the predicted indications.

With this assurance, the faithful Latter-day Saint can pursue life with a sense of peace and security. And as an additional blessing, spiritual light and guidance are not confined to a few chosen men who stand at the head of the Church. Every member who has obeyed the laws of the gospel has received the gift of the Holy Ghost for his own light and guidance into peace and joy. But in order to receive any of these gifts and blessings, we must accept corresponding duties: to live in obedience to the revealed gospel of Jesus Christ. If we are true Latter-day Saints we will always keep before us the recognized standards of religious and moral life, which modern revelation has set up for our guidance. Strict adherence to these standards will make us the happiest and the most secure people on earth.

Let us each strive to be worthy of the great blessings of the gospel which have been given to us in such abundance and to show our appreciation by accepting the responsibilities that rest upon us to live the gospel, thereby gaining happiness here and hereafter.

—V. N. S.

Blue-Blossomed Jacaranda

Elsie M. Strachan

Could it have been a woman,
A woman with a thirst
For shade trees and for blossoms,
Who set these trees out first?

Could it have been a woman
Who coaxed each bannered sprig
To reach beyond the hitch rail,
Beyond the weathered rig,

To climb toward the heavens
With pioneering will—
Unfolding petaled beauty
And letting blossoms spill

Across those frontier Aprils,
Where land lay strange and new—
Where there was need of blossoms
And Jacaranda blue?

Notes TO THE FIELD

Book of Mormon Reading Project

REPORT forms on The Book of Mormon reading project will be sent to stake and mission Relief Society presidents in May 1955, and should be returned not later than July 15, 1955. The general board wishes to encourage all sisters to do the reading of The Book of Mormon for this year, which includes the Book of Alma, chapters 9 through 63. In order for a sister to receive credit, the reading must have been done during the year in which the lessons have been studied in Relief Society.

We Serve as God's Hands

Caroline E. Miner

NOT *by* me, but *through* me shall come accomplishment. This is a humbling and ennobling thought. We have always been taught in our Church that we are the instruments through whom God works; we are the hands to carry forward his purposes.

Hands sometimes become crippled, palsied, and in other ways unable to carry out the wishes of the mind that directs them. In like manner we may become unwilling, unable hands to carry on the work of our Father in heaven. Other hands then must do the work. The purposes of God will not be halted.

How can we ever become proud in our earthly accomplishments? They are in reality the opportunities which God has given us. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen" (Matthew 6:13). So end the Lord's words in the prayer pattern he gave the world.

We can be humbly grateful in the accomplishments made *through* us: the great invention, the glorious picture, the brilliant musical composition, the beautiful poem. Truly great people are ever humble and kind. Only little people, *little* in the soul sense of the word, are vain and haughty and disdainful.

The philosophy that accomplishments are through us but not by us should not lead us to a feeling of irresponsibility for our actions, but instead to a feeling of profound responsibility. "Make me a worthy instrument in thy hands" may well be our humble prayer. This philosophy makes us realize the divinity in each other, and makes us tolerant and merciful.

Jessie Evans Smith — Artist of Unusual Hobbies

SISTER Jessie Evans Smith, wife of President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve, is widely known for her beautiful contralto voice, and for her graciousness in sharing this gift with others. Many are surprised to learn that Sister Smith also finds time for several interesting and useful hobbies, particularly various types of needlework.

In the living room of Sister Smith's apartment is a beautiful maroon rug that was woven on a frame and looks like an oriental. Sister Smith used her own original design and her own color scheme of gold, brown, blue, and fuchsia on the maroon background.

A lovely needlepoint screen, purchased in France, and stamped only in black and white, was made by Sister Smith in soft colors of her own choosing. She has many other articles of needlepoint and petit point, and has crocheted three tablecloths, two bedspreads, and five afghans.

Her latest achievement is a beautiful and unusual quilt. After observing a quilt made from pieces of girls' silk dresses, with a few men's ties mixed in, she conceived the idea of making a quilt entirely of men's ties. With this in mind, she started collecting ties from male members of the Tabernacle Choir, and succeeded in obtaining most of the ties from this source. The ties were first carefully laundered, and then Sister Smith ingeniously made her own design. Finding in her collection only fourteen ties the same size, she used these in the center, then worked skilfully from the sides and ends into the center, forming the unique pattern. All of the ties were first sewed onto a sheet, then she featherstitched around each tie. The South Eighteenth Ward Relief Society, of which Sister Smith is a member, was asked to do the quilting, using maroon satin as a background. Under the expert direction of Sister Emma Imlay, quilting chairman, the sisters made an individual design in each tie. Sister Smith declared the quilting to be a perfect job, and then she worked a featherstitch around the entire quilt to make just the right finish.

Cancer — A Quiz That May Save Your Life

Sandra Munsell

Supervisor, Magazine Services, American Cancer Society

QUESTIONS	ANSWERS
What is cancer?	An uncontrolled growth of cells. If permitted to spread through the body, it inevitably leads to death.
Can cancer be cured?	Many types can be cured, but only if they are discovered and treated early.
How can cancer be discovered in time?	By your doctor who has available many diagnostic tests.
What is the American Cancer Society?	The only national voluntary agency which fights cancer by research, education, and service to cancer's victims.
What has it accomplished?	It helped save an American from dying of cancer on an average of every seven minutes last year.
Does that mean it has solved the cancer problem?	Unfortunately, no. Despite the advances made, more than 235,000 Americans will die of cancer this year.
Can I help to prevent this tragedy?	Yes. By having regular health examinations yourself. And by contributing to the American Cancer Society.
What will my contribution be used for?	For research that may some day save your life, for education, and for helping cancer's victims.

Strike back at cancer, man's cruelest enemy. Give to the American Cancer Society.

Friendship

Elsie Sim Hansen

With silver threads of friendship,
I weave a pattern true
Into my tapestry of life,
My joyous hours with you.

Steak for Thursday

Rosa Lee Lloyd

CRISTEEN McCarthy put Tommy in his high chair and tied a bib around his neck.

"Mulk!" he crooned as his little hands went around the cup she handed to him. He gulped rapturously.

"Just like your daddy," she observed, glancing at Tom as he sat contentedly eating his bacon and eggs. "Give your daddy enough to eat and a place to sleep, and he crows with delight. He likes to live in a rut. Even when he has a chance, he won't get out of it!"

Tom put his fork down with a little sigh. The smile went away from his thin, Lincolnesque face.

"Cris . . . ."

He reached for her hand, but she balled it into a little fist. Tom had to learn, she told herself with a determined shrug, that he couldn't kiss away every argument they had. He always counted on her love and the warm touch of him to melt her down like maple sugar.

But this time she was going to hold out if it took all summer, as General Grant once said. Or was it General Lee? Cris was never too sure about American history. She was much better in arithmetic, even if she did get a little mixed up in her budget.

"Now look," she persisted, "your Aunt Julia has left us her house on Circle Drive. It's ours, every lovely inch of it. Your cousin Willa gets most of the furniture, and I'm glad because she loves all that old teakwood and those oriental rugs. I'm not the type for teakwood . . . ."

Tom pushed his chair away from the table, unwound his long legs, and stood up.

"And I'm not the type for a mansion on Circle Drive!" he almost shouted. "I'm a hard-working commercial artist, a nine-to-five guy. You knew that when you married me. I can't afford to own a home on Circle Drive!"

Cristeen's smile was a nice combination of wisdom and supplication.

"But you *do* own one, Tom McCarthy. A very beautiful home just a little way from Verny Sherman's. Think how wonderful! I can visit her every day. She and Arch entertain every night. She'll surely invite us when we live on the Drive. Just imagine going to one of Verny's parties!"

Tom groaned and sat down as though the thought was too much for him.

"Yes. Imagine. Me in my old tux I had in college and you in a budget formal from Karbecks!"

Cristeen glared at him. "I can get along in a budget frock . . . if I have to!"

His eyes had that haunted, hard-pressed look that Cristeen dreaded. Then he demanded, "But will you tell me how we can live on Circle Drive and still eat three times a day?"

Her voice chided him.

"There you go," she said, "utterly earthy. Always thinking of food instead of counting the stars . . . ."

"Mulk!" Tommy yelled and

banged his chair table with the empty cup.

Tom looked at the baby and his heavy brows were bushy points.

"See what I mean?" he countered.

CRISTEEN put Tommy's cereal in a bowl and handed him a spoon.

"The house was a gift, Tom," she went on. "Your Aunt Julia must have wanted us to live there or she wouldn't have willed it to us . . . ."

Tom shook his head.

"I can't believe Aunt Julia was that stupid! She knew what my salary was. How did she figure we could furnish a ten-room house since she left the furniture to Willa . . .?"

"Only the teakwood and the rugs." Cristeen was eager. "There are a lot of old pieces Willa wouldn't have. We can redecorate them."

Tom got up again and began to pace back and forth. "Did she think I could take care of that three-tiered sunken garden and cut that two-acre lawn after I got home from work?"

"She counted on me, too," Cristeen consoled him. "The last time I went to see Aunt Julia I told her how much I liked her home."

He stopped pacing and glowered at his wife.

"*You didn't tell Aunt Julia you wanted to live there?*" he questioned thickly.

"Of course not . . . not exactly . . . ."

Tom tossed his hands up. His eyes were bleak.

"If she had only left us money, instead. Then we could have bought that little place out in Orchard Bend and had money left over . . . " he sighed. "Sleep money I call it. The kind that gives a fellow like me a little cushion of security so he can go to sleep at night . . . ."

Cristeen met his glance and her eyes had fierce, challenging lights in them.

"Security!" she repeated. "You're making me hate that word, Tom McCarthy. At least you're making me hate what that word means to you—a safe little rut whether your wife is happy or not . . . ."

Tom held her shoulders with firm, steady hands.

"Listen, honey," he said, "security is what I *do* want for you and Tommy and for more children. Let's sell that house on Circle Drive. We can get a good buy at Orchard Bend. Some of the gang from the office live out there. You remember Sid Garns and Buff Hatch?"

Cristeen did remember them. Nice enough fellows in their middle twenties, with nice enough wives who were willing to settle down in a nice enough rut. But that wasn't what she wanted.

"They like it out there!" His voice coaxed her. "Only an hour from town—they have fruit trees and a little garden and there's a golf course—their kids have a pony . . . ."

She would die, thought Cristeen. She'd simply die. She had been reared on a small farm, and she was not going back again.

Verny would laugh when she heard about this! Verny had always thought that Tom wouldn't get ahead. She had the condescending manner of a woman who has been

smart enough to marry a man who was already rich. Why couldn't Tom remember how Cristeen had struggled to get away from a small town? Did she have to remind him of the effort it took, after she was graduated from high school, to earn money to pay her tuition to business college? And had he forgotten how determined she was to make good on that first typing job at Langs? Hadn't she progressed steadily until she was one of the top secretaries before they were married?

SHE twisted away from him.

"Orchard Bend!" she scoffed. "Where is your vision, Tom? If you're contented with a place in Orchard Bend, you'll end up being like Orchard Bend. If you want to live on Circle Drive, you'll be like Circle Drive."

Tom folded his arms across his chest. He had a worn, defeated look.

"I want a little peace and rest, Cris," he said. "Maybe we who have been through one war and half expect another one and are now fighting taxes and inflation are willing to settle for a safe little spot without all the glitter."

His face had that haunting appeal that always gave her a guilty stab. Her eyes flickered away from his. She didn't want to hurt him, but she simply *had* to make him realize how much she wanted to live on Circle Drive and how important it was to take advantage of the opportunity Aunt Julia had given to them.

"When you sulk," she said, dimpling, "you look determined to hold out till the end of time . . . ."

His mouth curved a little. Then he caught her hand in both of his and pretended to bite the tips of her fingers.

Tom's strong arms went around her and drew her close to him.

"Why do you have to be so persistent?" His voice was husky. "A guy doesn't stand a chance with a persistent woman—if he loves her," he whispered against her cheek.

Cristeen's smile was a wide, sweet curve across her face.

"You mean—we're moving to Circle Drive?"

"Isn't that what you want most of all?" he countered.

Her eyes were blue as sapphires.

"If you say so, Tom," she murmured.

"If I say so," he repeated. His voice was edged with misgivings. "As though what I have to say means anything. I'm only the guy who pays the bills and does the worrying for this family . . . ."

Cristeen hugged him.

"You're the guy who carries the whole world on his shoulders—my world, that is. Now finish your breakfast. You'll need strength for the big move."

Tom sat down at the table again.

"I need my head fixed," he muttered. "My state of mind is a perfect example of the world's confusion . . . ."

"You'll feel like a king of Circle Drive," Cristeen told him. Tom didn't answer.

SHE was the busiest woman in the world, Cristeen thought two hours later, as she backed their little car from the garage and sent it humming down the highway. Tommy, rosy-cheeked and freshly bathed and in clean white rompers,

cuddled close to her side. She was fresh and rosy, too, in her pink linen suit.

"You're a nice young man," Cristeen told him proudly. "Do you like to go with Mama?"

"Go—go!" he gabbled.

"First, we'll stop at Central Market for the groceries. Then we'll go up to Circle Drive and see our new home. Or shall we stop in and visit Verny first?"

Tommy clapped his hands, and Cristeen concluded that what they did wouldn't make much difference to him. Just being alive was fun for Tommy.

Verny hasn't any little boys—or girls either, she added to herself, her brows puckering. She is busy being Mrs. Arch Sherman and entertaining. Cristeen wondered if she even wanted children, but maybe she was misjudging her, she thought.

She and Verny had lived together in a little apartment on Bassford Street before they were married. Verny was LaVern Haynes then, a commercial model, slender, darkly fascinating, with a swing to her walk and a lift to her chin that told you she was going far in this world.

Was Verny the real reason she had been so persistent about moving to Circle Drive? Was it because Verny lived there? Did she want to show her they could live there, too?

Then her heart hurt a little as she remembered how Tom's shoulders had drooped when he walked along the sidewalk to get the bus so she could use the car. He was too young to have drooping shoulders—only twenty-eight—two years older than she was.

Love, she thought, fiercely, is a necessity. And the kind of love she felt for Tom couldn't be a mistake—it was the very essence of life, the magic that made the everyday heartaches endurable. It was her love for Tom that made her so determined for him to succeed; it was her love that would melt Circle Drive. She could hardly wait to tell Verny about it. How surprised she would be. Cristeen decided to go there right after she bought the groceries.

She parked the car, lifted Tommy in her arms, and hurried into the Central Market. He squealed with joy when he saw the wire baskets in their metal carts, so she placed him in the front end of one and wheeled him from one department to another.

The butcher gave her a gleaming white smile when she stopped before his counter, and as Cristeen smiled back at him, she thought how much she appreciated a neat-looking butcher. She would miss his cheerful greeting when she moved from his neighborhood.

"Hello, Mrs. McCarthy," he beamed. "Isn't this your steak night? It's Thursday. How about a nice thick prime sirloin?"

Cristeen hesitated. It was their steak night, but they would have to cut down on things like that now they were moving. They would barely be able to get by if Tom gave up his Saturday golf and their Thursday steak, and their Friday movie and dinner out . . . .

She shook her head.

"Not tonight. I think I'll take some chipped beef . . . ."

"You're missing something," he

said, tipping the steak so she could see it better.

"I know," Cristeen answered slowly, watching him put it back on the tray.

Tom needed that steak. He ate only a sandwich and a bowl of soup for luncheon. And he was thinner lately. But they just couldn't afford it now, she told herself, with a frown.

IT was after eleven o'clock when Cristeen turned the car from Edgehill Boulevard and entered the exclusive Circle Drive district. Her heart winged with pride as she looked at the expansive parkway, velvet smooth as though even the grass in this district grew to well-groomed perfection by some princely right. Each house was of a different design, individually characteristic of its owner. At the very top of the curving street, on a stately hill with a full view of both the mountains and the valley was the home Aunt Julia had left to them. It was a large white stucco house with a curving cornice and a rounded picture window that was unique, and yet as regal as Aunt Julia had been.

It's the prettiest place on the Drive, Cristeen thought, as she stopped her car in front of Verny's English gabled house about a block below it. It had charm and character and looked like something out of a Chadwick novel.

She jumped out, took Tommy in her arms, and was halfway up the steps that circled the terraced lawn, when she stopped dead still, staring at the big sign on the grass in front of her. *For Sale!*

She couldn't breathe. She put Tommy down by her feet and stood there with the world spinning around her. Why hadn't Verny told her? They had lunched together only last week, and she hadn't mentioned such a thing. Something must have happened, something serious . . . .

She lifted Tommy again, hurried to the front door, and rang the bell. She could hear the chimes echo inside. After a minute she rang again and then the third time. Now she could hear someone close a door and then swift, impatient footsteps coming through the hall as though the one coming to answer was doing so only because the ring had been so insistent. Probably the housekeeper, Cristeen thought.

But it was Verny who opened the door, a pathetically pale Verny, thin, drawn, with a dark satin robe pulled tightly around her, buttoned crookedly.

"Verny! What's happened? The house—I didn't know . . . ."

"Oh, Cris—come in—"

Verny's hands smoothed her dark hair. Then she pressed them hard against her face.

"I can hardly think—things happened so fast . . . ."

She turned and led the way into the living room, and Cristeen followed her. She sat down on the nearest settee and put Tommy on the floor.

"Tell me—" she said, feeling weak and dizzy.

Verny's hands fluttered to her throat.

"It's Arch—he's in the hospital . . . ."

"Oh, no! . . ." Cristeen breathed.

"A complete breakdown." Her

voice was ragged. "He collapsed at the office—last Monday—I think it was—and he's so young, Cris—only twenty-nine. Too much work—and worry—Dr. Garns said."

Cristeen couldn't speak. She could feel her heart begin to thump inside of her. *Too much worry—it might have been Tom!*

"Oh, Verny," was all she could say, and it sounded so inadequate. But she couldn't tell her that she had thought Arch Sherman was rich, and that he didn't have a worry in the world. She hadn't dreamed that anything could happen that would take Verny's house away from her.

"Cris—I was so wrong," Verny was saying. "You don't know what it's like to know you've been so terribly wrong . . . ." Her voice trailed away.

Cristeen's eyes squeezed shut. She couldn't bear to see Verny so unstrung. Verny was the strong confident kind who sailed through life on a high wind.

"He bought this house for me when he really needed the money for his business—he gave me everything I asked for—and I kept on asking and asking. Oh, Cris—I'm so *ashamed!*"

She bent her head and turned away.

Cristeen touched her hand.

"Verny — please don't — Arch loves you — he wanted to give you things. Don't blame yourself."

"But I do—I do. I didn't know how much he meant to me until this happened. If you could see him so—so exhausted—so sick."

Cristeen pulled her gently down beside her.

"I'm glad I came," she murmured.

Verny's eyes wavered and she wet her lips. At last she spoke.

"I'm glad, too—now that you're here. But—I wouldn't have called you, Cris—I couldn't."

"Verny! Why not?" Cristeen demanded.

She shrugged and her shoulders were sharp under her black robe.

"I guess—because I've been so envious of you, Cris," she said in a voice like dry leaves.

"Envious—of *me!*"

"Yes, Cris. That's why I didn't go to see you very often or invite you here. Seeing you and Tom—and the baby in your cute little home made me realize so many things. You are the kind of wife I want to be, Cris—the kind who works along with her man and makes him feel rich when he doesn't have a dime." Her voice stumbled Her eyes glistened. Then she went on bravely. "I'll try to be like you, Cris, if the Lord will give me another chance. That's all I ask—a chance to show Arch that I can be the right kind of wife, too."

CRISTEEN felt a great hot lump in her throat. She turned her head so she could look out of the picture window and see Aunt Julia's house at the top of the hill; the beautiful white house with the crystal chandeliers and the rooms opening one into another—

What could she say, she asked herself, wishing she could hide somewhere. Should she tell Verny about the house and that she had made Tom promise to live there even though he couldn't afford it? Or would it be kinder to let her

friend think she was perfectly happy in a little place they could afford?

Her mouth quivered and she blinked hard to hold the tears back, but they glazed her vision and she saw the white house in the distance through a misty blur. It was so far away.

She took a deep breath. The noonday sunshine flickered through Verny's heavy mesh draperies and sprayed gold across the carpet.

Cristeen could tell her that she had envied her all of this, but she realized that was not the way to help Verny now.

She looked at Verny.

"If you sell this house," she asked, "where will you live?"

Verny lifted her head and Cristeen thought she saw a bright new courage come into her eyes.

"We'll have enough for a little place somewhere," she said. "We can start over. I'll have to work until Arch is strong enough. But I won't care—if he can just get well."

CRISTEEN took a long deep breath and listened as the big clock in the hallway chimed the half hour.

"You might like Orchard Bend," she suggested in a tender little voice. "Tom and I are thinking of a home out there. We want a place where we can have fruit trees and a few chickens—and a pony."

She gave Verny her rainbow smile.

"Tom wants the kind of place a fellow can afford and still have sleep money."

She bit her lip. She shouldn't have said that.

"*Sleep money?*" Verny repeated, and she almost smiled. "I like that. I think Arch will like it, too, when I tell him. We'll like a place out there, Cris—especially if you and Tom live there."

Tommy squirmed and sat up. Then he began to yell and kick and pull at his mother.

"He's hungry," Cristeen said as she got to her feet. "He's just like Tom. He likes to eat on time. I have some milk in the car."

Verny stood up, and Cris saw that hope had warmed her eyes. And when she led the way to the front door a gentle, confident swing had come back to her walk.

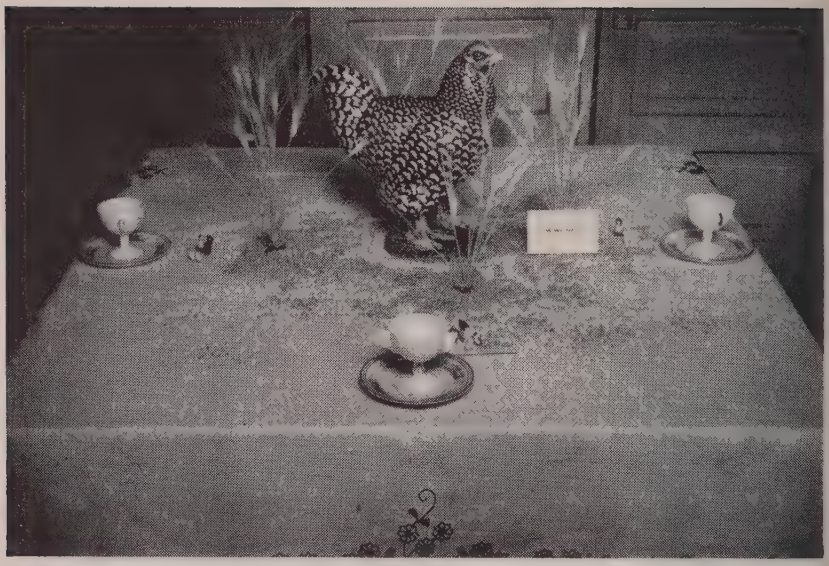
"Why don't you come over for dinner after you go to the hospital?" she asked.

She tried to keep her voice casual, but she knew this was a terribly important moment in their lives. If Verny accepted, it meant the beginning of a new kind of companionship for all of them.

Verny toyed a moment with the buttons on her robe. Then she smiled.

"I'd like to, Cris," she said, "and I will—if Arch is any better. But please—nothing fancy."

"Oh, no," Cris called over her shoulder as she hurried out. "We'll just have salad—and steak. I always have steak for Tom on Thursday."



Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE C. WILLIAMS

The Hen Party

Helen S. Williams

HAVE you ever thought about giving a Hen Party at Eastertime? Florence Williams found a colorful china hen and nested her right in the center of the table. From this friendly, comfortable-looking hen came dozens of ideas to make the midmorning party unique and delightful.

Scattered over the table were kernels of wheat. Small flower frogs held tall stalks of wheat as gracefully as if they were growing and blowing in an open field. On each place card were miniature hens, roosters, and chicks, and even the fruit cup was served in chicken-shaped dishes.

Not only did the table pictured here create an atmosphere for the Hen Party, but the food served carried out the idea and was delicious. Each guest had been asked to bring a favorite recipe which used eggs or chicken. These were exchanged and written in recipe books with cover and pages outlined in the shape of a hen.

Have you ever tasted Eggs Benedictine? If you haven't, try this recipe which Florence used. You and your guests will have a real treat. On a round piece of buttered toast, place a piece of ham, a poached egg, and cover with Hollandaise Sauce.

Hollandaise Sauce

2 egg yolks
1 tbsp. water
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
1 cup boiling water

Mix the first five ingredients. Melt butter and flour, then add water slowly. Pour into egg mixture stirring constantly until thick. Pour over the poached egg and serve piping hot. It is delicious, and such a glorified way of serving eggs!

The Hen Party at any season of the year is exciting and different, and can be given by any one who has a little originality and who wants to do things a little differently. Besides, it's fun to be invited to a Hen Party, because women are sort of like comfortable little hens, they love their chicks, and they like to keep careful watch over their brood. They love to cluck a bit about their friends and children—so what could be more fun than to entertain at a delightful Hen Party?

Cinquain

Vesta N. Lukei

Silver—
Gray cloud figures
Trail purple shadow-veils
And scatter raindrop sequins as
They go.

The Lower Hills

Lucille Waters Mattson

"MOTHER, look! I can see the Teton Peaks! Why can't I see them from home?" I glanced out the car window at the majestic snow-capped pinnacles in the distance and answered briefly, "Well, son, it is because at home we are too close to the lower hills, and they obstruct the view. Even though we are actually nearer to the peaks at home than we are here, we cannot see over the little hills."

As the car sped homeward the little boy's question started a train of thought. What a good simile the incident was for the ways of life.

How often we come close to the higher peaks, but involved in the business of living and earning a living, we cannot see the higher purpose of this mortal life. It is so easy to live in a rut of routine, habit, and worldliness that we go along for days, months, and sometimes years without putting ourselves in a spiritual position to view the ultimate heights of perfection for which we should be striving. So easy to live away a lifetime with no broader view, no higher goal in sight than the foothills of worldly success.

It is dangerous to live thus, for we are receptive to Satan's wishes, and when worldly disappointments and sorrows befall us, we find our souls have become small and hard and bitter. How much more rewarding it is to weigh any questionable pleasures of our immediate surroundings at their true value, and keep in sight the goal of eternal salvation.

My son, my prayer for you is that you may regard worldliness with detachment, and during this visit of testing and trial on earth, have always before you the pinnacle of celestial perfection.

Her Own Life

Ruth Moody Ostegar

THE soft, rose-tinted light of the early spring dawn was beginning to permeate the room where Myra Glennon lay dreaming. She wore the gown of a bride, and seemed to float over a gossamer bridge of dreams into a shining, joyous land of warmth, happiness, and love.

Suddenly she was awake; the dream was gone forever, and she was faced with reality.

Well, it's entirely possible," she thought. Why shouldn't I become a bride? Even if I am twenty-five, I've still got a good future, and I'm really not bad looking. If I could only get away from this—this stupid town! Everyone here thinks of me as "Poor Myra, a schoolmarm and nursemaid to an invalid mother." It just isn't fair at all! I should have a chance to live my own life!

Four years previous to this, when Myra was a senior at the university, the sudden death of her father had left a situation which had changed her plans completely. Her mother, an invalid, was left a home with a mortgage, a car not completely paid for, a pile of small debts, and no means of support. Of her three children, Myra alone was free to care for her. Her oldest, a son with a wife and two children, was attempting to finish law school on his G. I. funds. Her second son was in Korea.

Bravely giving up her plans for a B.A., Myra had faced the situation, finished her teaching requirements, signed a contract as a teacher in the city schools, and had taken upon her young shoulders the responsibility of her mother and her home. She had willingly volunteered her services in this matter, and had never regretted it. She loved her mother, and no sacrifice was too great for her sake. But this morning, with spring in the air, she was frankly rebellious, and longed for a husband and children of her own.

If I were only back in school, she thought. I'm sure I'd meet some nice, older fellow there, perhaps someone taking out a higher degree. Her mind was carried away for a few minutes on the incoming tide of imagination. Then she sighed, at any rate, if not a husband, I might have a career. I've always wanted to write. Who knows, I might write the great American novel, or be a foreign correspondent flying to interesting spots all over the world?

"My-ra," her mother's tired voice interrupted the wild ebb tide of fancy. "Are you awake? It's time to get up, dear."

"Yes, Mother, I'm awake." Once again she sighed.

"Myra, will you please bring me a cup of hot water when you get up?"

"Hot water?" Myra yawned and sat up on the edge of her bed. "Yes, of course, Mother, I'll have it there in a minute."

She hastily slipped into a housecoat and slippers, and for the next hour and a half had no time whatever for dreams. When she was

finally ready for school, she helped her mother into her wheel chair, set the telephone and radio beside her, and made ready to leave.

"Now, Mother, I've got everything ready for your lunch. Mrs. Manning (the woman next door who cared for her mother while she was away) will find my note in the kitchen. I've got to run now; I hope you'll be happy." She stooped and kissed the frail, wrinkled cheek.

"Be careful, Myra. Don't drive too fast."

"I won't, Mother, 'bye now."

A few minutes later Miss Glennon let herself into the room at the Jefferson Street School where she taught the third grade. She took off her coat and hung it up, dusted her desk, arranged the apple blossoms she had brought with her, consulted her lesson plans for the day, and began copying an assignment on the blackboard. As her hands performed these familiar tasks, her mind was busy with but one problem. How could she arrange her affairs in order to attend the university again next year?

John, her older brother, was now a struggling young lawyer, having a hard time to meet the payments on his newly acquired home. His house was already full, his wife overworked, and his children, whose number had grown to four, made her mother nervous. Dick, the second brother, now an engineer, was here and there on one job or another, and a construction camp was certainly no place for an invalid.

The door opened, and two little girls came into the room.

"Good morning, girls," she greeted them.

"Good morning, Miss Glennon," they chorused.

"What brings you here so early?"

"We didn't want to be late."

"Well run out of doors and play; it's nice this morning, and I have work to do."

"Can me and Sandra take out the ball?"

"You should remember to say 'Sandra and I,' Judy. You're almost through the third grade."

"Well then, can we?"

"Yes, Judy, you may. Come here a minute, Sandra. Will you please?"

The little girl stood before her teacher who inspected her closely. "Before you go to play," Myra suggested, "I think you should go to the rest room and wash your face. You don't want all the children to know that you had egg and jam for breakfast, do you?"

"No-o."

"Well run along now, and be sure and get it good and clean."

As the door closed, Myra once again took up her task, this time in an annoyed manner.

Am I going to have to spend the rest of my life correcting the grammar and inspecting the faces of the Judys and Sandras of this world? she asked herself. It's so—so frustrating, telling the same children the same things day after day. It isn't that I don't like teaching, for I really do, but I don't want to spend my whole life at it!

ONCE again the door opened and Mr. Johnson, the principal, entered.

"Good morning, Miss Glennon, the contracts finally got here. I suppose we can count on you again next year, can't we?"

Myra didn't like to be taken for granted.

"Well, to be frank with you, Mr. Johnson, I'm planning on going back to the university."

"You are?" The principal did not try to hide his astonishment.

"Well, that is—I mean I'm going if I can make the proper arrangements here at home," Myra stuttered. "It isn't certain yet, but I do so want to go!"

"It would surely be nice for you, but I don't know how I'd get along without you. I've come to depend upon you more and more."

Myra remained silent, slightly stunned by her own revealing of her innermost secret.

"Here's the contract anyway, so keep it and see how things work out. Good luck!" and the principal was gone.

Myra, feeling suddenly weak inside, sat down. She crossed her arms on her desk and laid her head upon them.

Why on earth did I say that? she silently asked herself. By tonight the entire school will be aware that "Poor Myra" won't be here next year. Now I've got to do something or be the laughing stock of the whole community! Hot, burning tears started to her eyes, but she choked them back. A few moments later she raised her head, picked up the contract, and thrust it into the drawer, took a pencil and paper and began putting down figures.

"Let's see," she mused. "I've saved almost twelve hundred in the last four years. That would see me through school, in fact, I could spare a little to help with mother's care. Now if I could get John and Dick to each agree to send mother a check every month, and get the Mannings to move in with her . . . ." On and on, her mind raced as she saw the fulfillment of her dream becoming a reality — at least on paper.

The words of the little engine record which she often played to her children came to her mind:

> I think I can, I think I can,
> I know I can, I know I can . . . .

"And I will, too," she added aloud for good measure.

A very excited young woman, with but half her attention focused upon her work, conducted the third grade that morning. The day proved to be warm, the children restless, and the teacher nervous.

IN the middle of the morning she noticed Jimmy, a tall, lank, ten-year-old, gazing off into space, daydreaming. His faded, blond hair was badly in need of a haircut, his clothes were shabby and not too clean. His old, runover shoes failed to hide the holes in his socks. Jimmy was from the old trailer camp down by the river. But he was bright, in fact, Myra felt that in spite of his apparent lack of parental care, the boy had high potentialities. There was something good, sweet, and genuine about him, that seemed to be ever reaching above his sordid home conditions. She had always been interested in him.

"Jimmy, why aren't you doing your arithmetic?" she asked softly, as she stopped by his side.

"Oh, I'm all through," he answered.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm writing you a poem, Miss Glennon," Jimmy shyly admitted.

"Well, that's nice. I like your poems, Jimmy. When it's finished, just put it on my desk."

Myra dragged through the morning. As she relaxed for a few moments before going to lunch, her eyes fell upon Jimmy's poem. She smiled as she read his crude verse, which was practically without meter and had very little rhyme. It ended:

We will always try and be quiet in school
And not make hardly any fuss,
For we all love you
Because we know you love us.

What a sweet thing for a child to say, she thought to herself. I just don't know how he could pay me a higher compliment. And I really do love them, every one.

At the close of the day, she was busy correcting papers when the door opened and a very angry little girl entered.

"Miss Glennon, Jimmy's throwing rocks at us. Come and make him stop. He almost hit Annie."

"Why is Jimmy throwing rocks, have you been teasing him?"

"No, honest, Miss Glennon, we didn't say nothing about him."

"Well I'll have to get to the bottom of this."

At the gate of the school yard, she found the boy, very much upset, with a rock in each hand.

"I'm goin' to get 'em! I'm goin' to get 'em!" he wailed.

"Jimmy!" Myra's voice held all the authority she was capable of putting into it. "Drop those rocks this minute and come with me."

"Miss Glennon, they said mean things about my brother, and I won't stand for it!"

"Come on in and tell me all about it." She put her arm around the sobbing boy and led him back to the room. When he finally got to the state that she could reason with him, they talked about boys whose brothers belonged to gangs, and did things which were not right, and about little girls who hurt the boys they liked best just to attract their attention. Then Miss Glennon abruptly changed the subject.

"Jimmy," she said smiling, "you need a haircut."

"Yes, Ma'am. Mom was going to cut it the other night, but I ran away and wouldn't let her. She don't know nothin' about cuttin' hair."

HIS teacher, overlooking the grammatical errors, replied, "You know it's spring, and I need a boy to help dig up my garden. Tomorrow is Saturday, why don't you come over and help me for a few hours in the morning? I think you could earn enough to get a haircut."

"Could I really?" he asked enthusiastically. Then his face fell. "I haven't got a bicycle. How would I get there?"

"How about the bus?" she asked. Then, slipping a coin into the boy's hand, she added, "Well run along now, I'll see you tomorrow at nine. Do you know where I live?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Leastwise I know about where it is, 'cause I found your address in the telephone book one night when I was over to Don's. I can find it all right."

She gave him a few simple instructions for getting there, and the boy left, smiling happily, the incident of the rock throwing forgotten entirely.

I fear for Jimmy, she thought as she watched him run across the

school yard. He's a good boy, but he has a temper, and he is easily led. I wish I could do something for him.

Monday morning, after a satisfying week-end of garden work and letter writing, mixed with church going and relaxing, Myra arrived at school. Her plans for the future, now that the letters to her brothers were actually written, seemed much nearer consummation, and she smiled happily.

But her happiness was short lived. The children began arriving, and soon the whole schoolground buzzed with excitement. Snatches of conversation came through the partially opened windows. Myra did not like what she heard, and walked outside.

"What's all this about someone being sent to jail?" she asked.

"It's Jimmy!"

"They smashed all the windows!"

"She's going to send them to jail for a year!"

"The cops got 'em!"

Many excited voices, all talking at once, tried to inform her.

"Wait a minute!" she said, holding up both hands. Then, turning to one of the older boys, she said, "John, you tell me about it."

It developed that three boys had broken into a woman's house, smashed her windows, lamps, and dishes, thrown things all over the floor and generally made a shambles of it. A neighbor, seeing something was wrong, had notified the police. The boys had been apprehended and had spent the night in the juvenile detention home. Two of them, one of whom was Jimmy's brother, belonged to a gang and had caused trouble before. The third was Jimmy.

Fear clutched Myra's heart. She realized that he was in serious trouble. She also felt that he was undoubtedly innocent of any offense except that of tagging along or being present. She knew that there was usually a morning paper in the teachers' room, and she hastily made her way there.

AS juvenile delinquency usually made the front page, she had no trouble finding the article. She scanned it quickly. The story was much as she had gleaned it from the children, with no names mentioned. The woman, a Mrs. Weems, was pressing charges, and the three boys were to be arraigned before Judge Toft at three that afternoon.

I must do something! I've just got to help Jimmy; I must see Judge Toft!

The telephone directory promptly produced his number, and as the distance to his office was a short one, she made an appointment for the noon hour.

"You'd have made a good lawyer, Miss Glennon," the judge smilingly remarked after she had poured out her tale of the neglected boy who expressed the beautiful thoughts of his soul in poems, and was ready to fight for his brother's good name.

"His age is in his favor. We rarely send a ten-year-old to a detention home. This is also his first offense, but he should be taught a lesson." Judge Toft, with the tips of his fingers pressed against each other, looked off into space, deep in thought.

"Miss Glennon, if I were to put Jimmy on probation for a year, and make him accountable to you,

would you be willing to—well, sort of be responsible for him?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, I'll do anything! I know what I'll do, I'll give him a permanent job helping me in the yard. He's large and strong for his age, and he loves the garden. That will give him some responsibility and also a little money for some decent clothes, haircuts, and the many needs of a boy. It will help me keep track of him, too, and he'll be in good company at least part of the time."

"Well, we'll try and handle it that way, Miss Glennon."

Myra's mind was so full of Jimmy and his problem that she never thought of her own until she got back to the schoolroom and pulled out the drawer of her desk. There she saw the teacher's contract.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she cried aloud. "I can't do this! I'm going away to school!" She dropped heavily into the chair. The smarting tears stung her eyes. She bowed her head down upon her arms. She would have burst into uncontrolled sobbing, but her school teacher's aplomb and self-control quickly asserted itself.

What should she do? Phone Judge Toft and tell him she'd changed her mind and couldn't help Jimmy? Or give up all her golden dreams of the future?

Deep within her heart she slowly began to realize that all along she had known that her plans were not feasible. She couldn't go her own way and leave her mother, her home, and now—Jimmy. After all, was not her job of guiding the feet of the young into paths of knowledge, integrity, honesty, and love of their country much more important to this land than writing the great American novel? Or for that matter, was it not more important than even her own selfish happiness, which she would be seeking at the expense of others?

Finally she raised her head, took the contract from the desk, and signed it, unwaveringly.

"Someone must look after the Jimmys of this world," she said, "and I guess the job falls to me."

Myra was dreaming again, but this time her feet were firmly implanted in the soil of reality, and by the hand she led a shabby, uncared for, ten-year-old boy.

Moment of Music

Dorothy J. Roberts

Joy, joy—something sings inside me.
How could I have earned this tune of peace;
Where could I have paid the precious coinage
Time must have taken for its bright release?

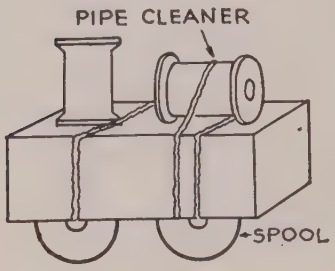
Long ago did I select this music;
By some stern barter make the just decree
That for some sacrifice I have forgotten
This sudden gladness should now sing in me?

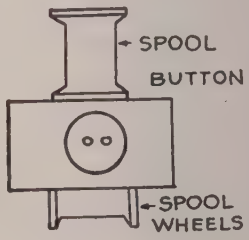
Make a Train

Ruth K. Kent

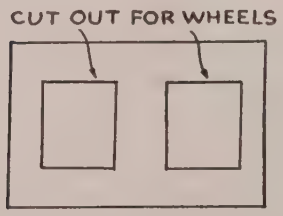
WANT to make a train of matchboxes? All you need in addition to the matchboxes are half a dozen empty spools of equal size, a few pipe cleaners, and one bright button.

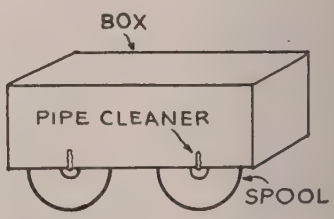
To make the engine, use the outside of the match box, the part that the box slides into, and the box, too. First glue one of the empty spools upright near one edge of the top of the outside box (for the smoke stack). Now turn a spool down behind the upright spool that was glued to the top of the box (for the cab). Pull the ends of the pipe cleaner down around the sides of the box and fasten underneath.



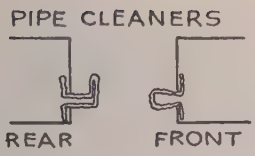


Now, for the wheels, run pipe cleaners through two spools. Turn the box over and cut out two oblong places from the bottom, one inch wide and a little longer than the spools. Place one spool with the pipe cleaner through the hole at the front of the box so half of the spool sticks out underneath the box. Now pull the pipe cleaner up over the box and fasten at the top. This makes the front wheels. Now do the same thing at the other end of the box with the other spool for the back wheels. Glue the bright button onto the front end of the box for a headlight. A red button is best. Now your engine is finished.





To make the cars, cut out the places in the bottoms of the boxes for the wheels. Then punch holes in the sides of the box a half inch from the bottom of the box and just above the cut-out places in the bottoms. Put the spools with the pipe cleaners run through them into the cut-out places, then pull up the pipe cleaners and insert the ends into the holes that you punched in the sides of the box, then fasten the ends together inside of the box, and the cars are finished.



To make couplings cut the pipe cleaners in two. Fold one of the pieces so the ends are together and push the ends through the back end of the engine. Reach inside under the spool wheel and bend the ends back half an inch. Bend the part sticking out up to make a hook. Make the same kind of loop at the back end of one of the cars. At the front end of the cars, push the two folded ends of the pipe cleaner through and bend back the ends. Make a loop of the part sticking out and loop it over the hook made at the back end of the engine and the other car. (Milk cartons can also be used in place of matchboxes.)

Now your train is ready to run and carry a lot of cargo.

A Handful of Dirt

Vivian Campbell Work

TAKE a handful of dirt, feel the dampness and the softness; feel the life in it. There, within the plain brown cover of the earth, lies a power that cares for all living things.

Get a wrinkled, dried-up little seed, and take a handful of dirt to cover it. Water this carefully for a few days, and watch, watch the life come creeping forth, stretching bright green fingers to the sun! The seed and the water cannot do this without the power in a handful of dirt.

Think of all the trees and plants and grasses that are anchored firmly in the soil. All mankind depends on these for life. Thus, our life, too, is held within that handful of earth.

More than life comes from the earth. From her bosom wells forth beauty—the beauty of outstretched fields, running gold and green and copper in the sun. She gives us the shadows of the forests and the rugged upward thrust of hills.

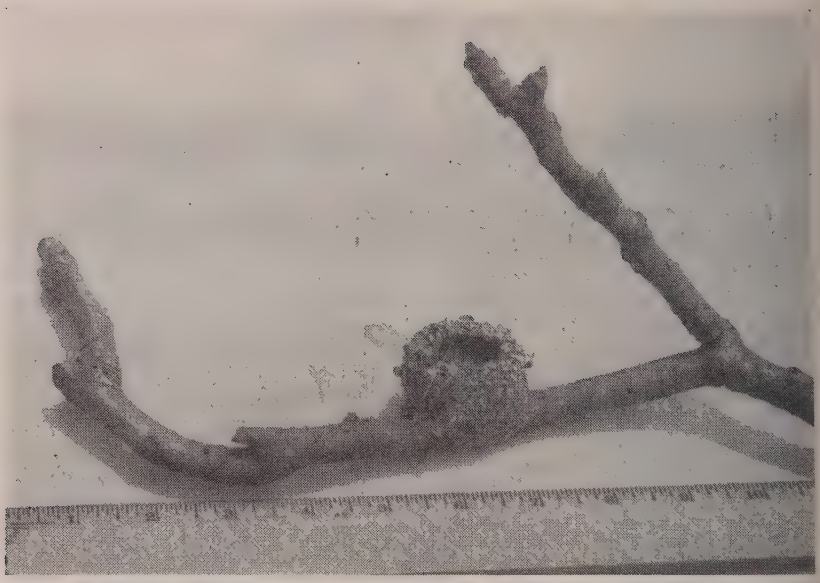
Surely beauty comes from the earth! Her themes and patterns are repeated in every story picture and song. All the loveliness that man creates he fills with the beauty he sees about him, the beauty that comes from the earth.

Take a handful of earth now. Feel the softness, the beauty, and the life of it. Within this handful is a little bit of yesterday, a part of today, and all the promise of tomorrow. The soil is precious. Guard it carefully, use it wisely, and work it reverently.

An Understanding Heart

Anne S. W. Gould

WE only see the surface of people, and know little of their struggles, tears, and heartaches. We can only live nobly by the cultivation of compassion.



The Ruby-Throated Hummingbird

Roy B. McLain

THE hidden, sequestered touch-me-nots were in the glimmering height of their inevitable glory. Their extensive seed pods were intermittently snapping open at the slightest touch.

Suddenly, there came a zooming, sinister noise and a flash of dazzling color. With grace and swerveless poise, a tiny, ruby-throated hummingbird was thrusting its long bill into the delicate colored, speckled flowers. Its bill inflexively remained very rigid while the bird's body seemed to gracefully vibrate up and down. It could not have weighed more than half an ounce. It withdrew its bill, and with rapidly vibrating and rotating wings, it backed up, and like a helicopter, stood still, swaying from side to side, while it selected the next spicy flower from which to draw nectar. Its untiring wings rotated so fast that they appeared as a gray film; then it flew away at a speed of at least sixty miles an hour. (This rate of speed enables it to spend its winters in the region of the Gulf Coast and Central America.)

The hummingbird lit on the limb of the huge oak tree that shaded the touch-me-nots. What was this I saw? A tiny nest not an inch long!

Two tiny, beautiful, and aggressive heads popped up and were fed by the parent by regurgitation. Instantly the father bird disappeared.

An examination of the cup-shaped nest revealed the fact that it was attached lengthwise on the limb, which caused the nest to take on an elongated appearance. The outside was made of lichens. The inside was composed of the softest material — like milkweed silk.

A chicken hawk gave out its erratic cry, as it spied with its keen eye the tiny nest.

The ruby-throated hummingbird accepted the hawk's sweeping challenge. Like a plane, the bird climbed for elevation. With its sharp bill it stabbed the hawk. The ruby-throated bird wheeled, maneuvered decisively below the hawk, and landed a very distressingly and painful jab to the hawk's heaving breast. The hawk flapped its wings and hastily departed.

Our red-throat considers the hawk and the crow its number-one enemies and usually attacks them with vigor and drives them away.

Of the more than five hundred species of the hummingbirds, the ruby-throated is the only species found east of the Rocky Mountains. The male has a very beautiful patch of ruby-red on its throat. The firm-faced female has a whitish throat and dull gray coloring. Usually only two eggs of a whitish color are found in the nest.

In romance their actions seemed very peculiar. The delicate female sat mutely on a twig. The ruby-throated male zipped an arc around her at a terrific rate of speed. She appeared not to notice him. Next he passed her, flying on a straight line, and uttered a very peculiar sound. Next he zoomed by like a flying saucer, but she quietly withdrew to the wild touch-me-nots.

"...And Ye Shall Find"

Beth G. Christensen

IT was the usual hurry around our house. Relief Society work meeting always means lots of planning and preparation. I had set the table and fixed the lunches the night before in order to save the valuable morning time.

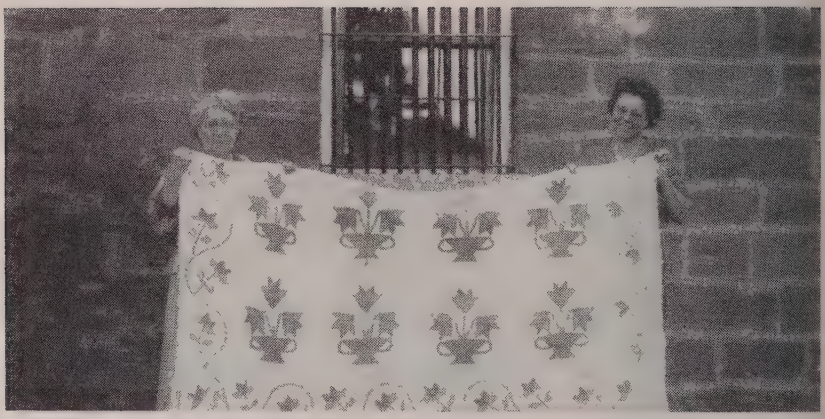
Everything was going along very well--extra well in fact. My next-door neighbor had offered to keep the two younger children, which would relieve me of their care. I am the second counselor and in charge of work meeting. This meeting promised to be an exceptionally busy one, so with the children taken care of, I could surely do more.

With my husband off to work, my older children on their way to school, and the younger ones settled next door, I was ready to go. I rushed in to gather up my things. I had just enough time to go the ten miles to the chapel. Suddenly, I realized my car keys were nowhere to be found. I searched the usual places again and again without success. I had to be there! I *had to have those keys.*

My first feeling was one of complete bewilderment, but then I decided to ask our Heavenly Father's help. I rose from my knees and walked straight to a set of keys we had not seen for weeks. I thanked the Lord for this blessing, and hurried on my way.

How marvelous it is to know that we have help so close and so freely given! Do we appreciate it? Do we use this help as often as we should, not only for the big problems of life, but for the little things as well?

Our Heavenly Father meant it when he said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matthew 7:7).



Photograph courtesy Josephine Brower

Heirloom Quilt Presented to Missionaries at Carthage Jail

Josephine Brower

THIS beautiful quilt was not originally owned by Latter-day Saint people. A pioneer family settled in Illinois in 1819, at which time a daughter made the quilt. It was hand-woven, hand-dyed, and hand-quilted, with thousands and thousands of smallest stitches. The quilt remained as a precious heirloom in the family for many years, finally being handed down to Bessie and Lillian Geyer of Fort Madison, Iowa, from their great-great-aunt Ann Kar.

On June 21, 1954, Mrs. Bessie Geyer visited the old Carthage jail. The story she heard impressed her so much that she was prompted to return the following week with her family. It was then that she presented this quilt to the missionaries at Carthage jail, Elder Richard A. Brower, and Sister Josephine Brower. As recipients of this treasure, the missionaries feel that the quilt adds much to the bedroom of the old jail, in which the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum sealed their testimony with their blood.

Friendship's Garden

Gene Romolo

Two must create friendship's garden,
It takes two to make it grow;
Each must aid its cultivation
Through the years, its seeds resow;
Love and patience must keep vigil
To destroy intruding weeds
Lest there be no perfect blossoms
To produce renewing seeds.

Green Willows

Chapter 3

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Lillian and her friend Patricia are very much interested in the affairs of Pat's three unmarried aunts — Agnes, Margaret, and Karen. The two older sisters are schoolteachers, and Karen is preparing to follow the same profession. Lillian and Pat, however, cannot understand why Margaret should not marry her neighbor Dr. Turner, who is a former suitor of hers and now a widower. Lillian and Pat and Pat's parents are invited to the Diffendorf home for dinner. Another guest is John Alder, the new director of the summer theater in Green Willows. It appears that John and Karen have met before.

PAT'S father carved the meat, and Pat and I helped serve and clear the table. Karen was sitting next to John Alder, and she kept trying to get up to help, but Agnes said we could do it fine. I don't think she talked to the director at all, though he said two or three things to her that I couldn't hear. Margaret said that yes, she'd heard about Dr. Turner's son coming home for good now. Yes, she had meant to be at Sunday School. This was the first Sunday she'd missed in she didn't know how long. Yes, it was certainly nice that they were going to be together all the time now. Two winters apart were too much even though they did visit at Christmas and in the summers. No, she hadn't heard whom they were going to get for a steady housekeeper. Well, it was partly that Gwennie's mother hadn't been able to part with the boy after she'd lost her daughter. Yes, everyone could understand wanting to hold onto something that was Gwennie's. Gwennie had never had good health from the time she married, Agnes said. The conversation went on and on while we ate. Pat and I didn't say anything, but we did prick up our ears when they talked about the plays that were going to be presented at the straw-hat theater that summer.

"I'm trying to persuade Karen to come down and take a part, but she won't co-operate," said John Alder to Margaret.

"Oh, I'm afraid I've too much to do with my music this summer," Karen said hurriedly. "Drama is Margaret's field, really, not mine."

"You were just passing the time away when you took those drama classes last winter?" John asked lightly.

"Yes," said Karen in a low voice. "That is, I was filling hours. I really enjoyed them, you know. I'm going to be teaching this winter. I have lots of obligations, Dr. Alder, that I have to repay."

"What obligations?" Agnes asked. "You certainly have not. You're going into teaching because you love it, Karen. You don't have anything to repay."

John Alder broke his roll. "Why don't you come back for your Master's Degree, Karen? Didn't you say once that's what you wanted to do?"

"Well, I do, but after I've saved enough money . . . ."

"There are teaching fellowships," John Alder persisted.

Pat's mother looked up. "Oh, are you interested in going on to school, Karen? Daddy's business is doing so well now, we can repay Agnes and help you a little, too."

"Please," said Karen, "I really don't know what I want to do now. I thought I knew what I had to do, or ought to do. Now I don't even know what I want to do . . . ." She stopped helplessly.

"For goodness sakes, Karen, do talk sensibly," Agnes said. "Mashed potatoes, Margaret?"

"Yes, I'll get them." Margaret got up and left the room. She brought back the bowl filled again with whipped potatoes with butter yellowing the dips. "Do what you want to do, Karen," Margaret said. "That's the best way in the long run."

"Of course," said Agnes. "That's what we all do. You'll make a wonderful teacher, Karen. You have no idea the satisfaction one can get out of teaching children."

"It must almost compare with teaching one's own children," said John Alder.

"Well, I wouldn't know about that," said Agnes, looking at him in some surprise, "but it is a very satisfying profession as you should know yourself."

"Oh, I quite agree," said John Alder.

AFTER dinner we sat at the long dining-room table cracking soft-shelled walnuts and eating them. Pat's father had leaned back comfortably in his chair. At last Aunt Agnes said we really should go into the parlor. Karen could play a little music for them. Pat's mother and Aunt Agnes and Aunt Margaret cleared the table. Karen, after one short selection, hovered between the kitchen and dining room.

John Alder came to the door of the dining room. "If you won't play any more, Karen, won't you show me the garden. I'm really very interested in seeing the grounds around here."

"Are there enough helping in the kitchen?" Karen asked.

"More than enough," Margaret said. "Run along."

"I'd love to, then," Karen agreed. "The gardens are interesting to us because we have kept the original patterns and flower beds as outlined by our great-grandparents . . . ."

Pat and I went out and sat on the back porch. We were too full to move. Why did dishes always follow every meal? But no one asked us to help.

"What do you say we walk in front and see if Phil's out in his yard?" Pat asked.

"Okay," I said.

We went around the corner of the house. Karen was disappearing up a path toward the little wooden gate that led to the orchard. John Alder followed, almost touching her arm.

"See," he was saying, "all your arguments, your imaginary obligations, everything disappeared like magic at dinner. Why are you so fearful about admitting to yourself . . . ?"

His words disappeared into lower tones when he caught sight of us. We went up the front walk.

The Turner house was very similar to the old Diffendorf house. It

was large, with rounded cupolas and long porches. Trees crowded the yards. No one seemed to be out. We crossed the street and walked up and down the front ditchbank. There was a bench swing under one of the trees. We waited, balancing ourselves on the little bridge across the ditch.

"Maybe he's taking a nap," Pat said.

"A boy our age taking a nap?" I scoffed. "Let's try the swing." We walked into the yard to the side of the house and began swinging.

"Well, hi," said Dr. Turner, coming out of the French windows on the side of the house. "Have you seen Phil?"

"No," we said hopefully. "Is he out here some place?"

"He came out with his book a few minutes ago. I was going to talk with him, but I got called to the phone. Phil!" He cupped his hands.

"Over here," Phil said. He got up from behind the lilac bushes. "I was just resting until you came out." He didn't look at us. "I wonder where all the fellows are?"

"Well, there comes Mike now," said Dr. Turner.

"Hey," yelled Mike, wheeling his bike over to the ditch. "I came down to see you for awhile."

"Swell," said Phil. He looked at us uncertainly. We stood our ground.

"Why don't we go on up to my room, Mike? We can talk all right up there." They ran into the house.

"I'm sure he'll get to be a little more civilized before long," Dr. Turner said to us.

"Oh, that's all right," said Pat. "All the boys our age are like that now."

"Well," said Dr. Turner, "I'm glad you understand anyway." He looked over toward the Diffendorf house. "Are all your aunts home, now, Pat?"

"Yes," said Pat. "We just had dinner. John Alder came to dinner."

"Oh, yes, he's the new director of the theater for this summer, isn't he?" Dr. Turner broke off a twig from the lilac tree. "I really ought to check on Margaret's arm. Come on, and I'll walk you kids back."

We went across the street to the Diffendorf's.

WE went around to the back of the house. I couldn't see any sign of Karen or John Alder. Dr. Turner opened the back door, and we preceded him into the kitchen.

"Hi," he said. "Give me another dishtowel, and I'll help."

Pat's Aunt Margaret had both hands deep in the dishwater suds. Everyone laughed, but Pat's Aunt Margaret didn't turn around after the first quick glance at Dr. Turner.

"We're almost through," Agnes said. "There's a sliver of pie left if you want it."

"She remembers how I used to come begging slivers of pie years ago," Dr. Turner said.

Agnes untied her apron. "It's too long altogether since you came for pie, Mark Turner. You shouldn't keep so busy."

"Well, lots of things happen with the years. But your pie hasn't changed. The best I ever tasted."

"Well, you don't have to eat standing up," Pat's mother said. "Sit there at the table."

"Oh, I'm all right." Dr. Turner cut another piece. "I'll mix business with pleasure. I'll take a look at your arm, Margaret, when you're through with the dishes."

"I was going to call the nurse about it tomorrow or this afternoon," Margaret said. "I'm sure I'm immune; there's a very strong reaction."

"My word," said Agnes, "I forgot your arm. Wash yourself off and go sit outside and rest a bit . . . ."

"Oh, how silly. It's nothing at all," Margaret said hurriedly. "Besides I'm almost finished."

"So am I with the pie," said Dr. Turner. "Come outside, Margaret, where the light is better."

Margaret washed her hands in the little bathroom by the kitchen. Dr. Turner and Pat and I went out on the back porch and waited. In a moment she came out the door. "Really, I'm sure everything's just fine. We have nothing to worry about."

Dr. Turner took her hand and examined her arm. "You're quite right, Margaret. You're immune to mumps. But I hope you're not going to be immune to my friendship any more."

Pat and I walked around the house again. Maybe Phil and Mike had come out by now and needed a couple of My Girl Fridays.

Pat's father came out on the front porch. "Got to get started back, girls. We need a little time to get ready for Church and do a little reading. Agnes and the girls need some quiet, too. Did you have sweaters?"

WE ran up the stairs to get my sweater that Mother had made me wear, though it was far too warm for one. We stood at the high narrow windows. " 'The Lady of Shalott' or should I say Two Ladies of Shalott?" I asked, looking out of the window with Pat.

"I didn't think you were such a romantic," Margaret said, coming into the room. "Your father wants you girls to hurry."

"I'm not," I said. "I'd much rather bounce just once on that feather bed than be a dozen Ladies of Shalott at castle windows."

"I've thought of something. Why don't you and Pat come and spend a night or two with us during your vacation, and you can bounce a few times on the feather bed in the guest room? Agnes might not like you bouncing all over her bed."

"Oh," Pat squealed, "can we really come? Lillian and I both at the same time?"

"Surely," said Margaret. "We'll name the day. Let's see. It can't be next week end, but how about two weeks from Friday? No, the plays are starting. We'll make it three weeks; everything in the theater should be running smoothly by then. You can go to the play on Friday night and spend Friday and Saturday nights with us. Is that too far ahead for you to remember?"

"Oh, no," we both said emphatically. We were going to a play, too!

Pat's mother called from the stairs. "Girls, we really must be going."

We all went down the stairs together. Dr. Turner was talking to Karen and John Alder.

"I'd love to give you all a ride to Church with me," Dr. Turner was

saying. "I've got to go home and slick Phil up some. We can call for you in about an hour. Is that all right with you, Margaret?"

Margaret was on the stairs behind us. "Yes," she said, "that's quite all right with me. We'd love a ride."

"I'll leave my car here, then," said John Alder. "I'm sure the five of us can get in the same car. This will make my first Sunday evening in your ward a pleasant one, though I've never hesitated about going alone. That was the first thing I'd look up when I was away to school."

Karen laughed, "They'll rope you in on a fireside, John, and I don't know what all. We have a celebrity in our midst."

"I'm not," John Alder said.

"We're not going to make it unless we leave right now," Pat's father said firmly, so we all followed him at a trot to the car, shouting our goodbyes and thanks. We could hardly wait to get into the car to tell Pat's mother about our invitation for coming to stay with Margaret.

"How kind of her. I'll talk to Margaret later about it and to your mother, Lillian. They have always done so much for Pat and us," Pat's mother said. "You've got to start repaying Agnes for all the help you've had, Arthur."

"I will. I'll make arrangements tomorrow," Pat's father said. "They're a wonderful group of girls. Too bad none of them ever married. All of them pretty in their own way. Agnes is maybe a trifle firm, but there's nothing wrong with Margaret's and Karen's looks."

"Well, Arthur, you can hardly call Karen an old maid. She's just getting out of college. And just because she's going to teach a year doesn't mean—"

"Now, Mother, look what it's meant to Agnes and Margaret," said Pat's father. "Of course, it was Margaret's own fault."

"We'd better discuss this later—" Pat's mother nodded her head toward the back seat. "Look at the forsythia at Sister Daly's, girls. Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes," we answered in a chorus, a trifle disappointed in the change of subject. We leaned back against the seat. Would three weeks take forever to pass, we asked each other? It was so hard to wait.

(*To be continued*)

Heart Song

Ida Isaacson

Sweeter tones than a bow ever drew
Across a string,
Sing from my heart
All my glad days
And wing . . . to you.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photographs submitted by Hazel M. Robertson

UPPER PHOTOGRAPH: HAZEL M. ROBERTSON AND FERN TANNER LEE VISIT HONG KONG, CHINA

LOWER PHOTOGRAPH: JAPANESE MISSION, TOKYO FIRST AND SECOND BRANCHES RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND TEACHERS

The upper photograph shows Sister Hazel M. Robertson, President, Japanese Mission Relief Society, and Sister Fern Tanner Lee, wife of Elder Harold B. Lee, riding in jinrickshas in Hong Kong, China. The picture was taken in September 1954, during the visit of Elder and Sister Lee to the Far East (Japan, Okinawa, Hong Kong, the Philippines, and Guam).

Commenting on this visit, Sister Robertson reports: "Sister Lee was an inspiration to all the Relief Society sisters in the Far East, and her words of advice and counsel, and her beautiful testimony of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ and Relief Society work will always be remembered by the sisters of the Far East."

The lower photograph shows the Tokyo First and Second Branches Relief Society officers and teachers.

Front row, seated, left to right: Chiyoko Sasa; Katsuko Inagaki; Atsuko Uda; Fumiko Matsumoto; Hazel M. Robertson, President, Japanese Mission Relief Society; Kyoko Azegami; Sister Hidaka; Sister Hiramatsu.

Second row, seated, left to right: Hiroko Nanjo; Chiyo Sato; Chiyoko Sagara; Motoko Nara; Mutsuko Matsumoto; Miyoko Noguchi; Masae Sakuma.

Third row, standing, left to right: Sister Ozaki; Sister Yamaguchi; Yoko Takahashi; Masako Kimura; Hideko Hata; Taeko Ishida; Ethel Young; Masako Miyajima.

Fourth row, left to right: Ikuko Kato; Fumiyo Saito; Kiyoko Yamagishi; Mikiko Kanai; Kikue Yoshino; Miyoko Horikoshi.

Sister Robertson reports that this protograph was "taken at our Christmas party commemorating the birthday of our beloved Prophet and founder of the Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Eliza L. Robinson

STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING), FREEDOM WARD SPONSORS QUILTING PROJECT

Left to right: Charleen Putman; Cherie Luthi; Ida Robinson; Ida Jenkins; Roberta Brower; LaVerla Bateman; Annie Crook; Josephine Laker; Fern Haderlie; Ina Erickson.

This project was conducted under the direction of Work Director Counselor Clara Robinson and work meeting leader Arlene Clinger.

Eliza L. Robinson is president of Star Valley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Miriam Knapp

OAHU STAKE (HAWAII) RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE BOARD MEMBERS MAKE UNIQUE AND BEAUTIFUL BLOUSES, April 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Christie C. Robertson, First Counselor; Miriam Knapp, President; Eugenia N. Logan, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Marion Cook; Mildred Jenkins; Eva Newton; Louise Kaanapu; Irene Cannon; Virginia Quealy; Elisa Uale.

Irene Cannon, work director, Oahu Stake, reports this unusual and rewarding project: "These blouses are made from men's dress shirts. They are worn by the members of the Oahu Stake Relief Society. There is still much wear in a shirt, even though the collars and cuffs are frayed and worn. Have fun, be your own designer, and decorate your blouse. The hard part of the sewing is already done, for the sleeves are in, the buttonholes made, and even the buttons sewed on, unless you wish to change them. The neckline is already made and may be easily changed to any desired style.

"To make the blouse: 1. From the waistline, take in the sides up through the underarm, and taper down the sleeve. 2. Make two large darts in front from the waistline tapered up towards the bust. 3. Make two pleats in the back about three inches from the side seams, and stitch across the waistline, so that they will stay in place when the skirt is on.

"If the shirt is still too large, it can be taken in down the center of the back, right up through the collar. If you wish to have a collar on your blouse, use either the lower end of the shirt or some contrasting material which may be placed on top of the shirt collar, allowing about ¼ inch to turn under. Baste the top collar and sew around the edge. Material for the cuffs may be taken from the lower end of the shirt, or contrasting material may be used. The cuff is a double straight piece sewed on the underside and turned up on the right side. A longer sleeve, reaching below the elbow, may be made by cutting the shirt sleeve off just above the placket, making two large pleats to fit the arm below the elbow, then sewing on the cuff. A blouse with a Chinese neckline is very attractive and may be made by cutting the shirt collar off at the band to which it is sewed, then trim with braid, rows of rickrack, or bias tape. A round, square, or V-shape neckline can be cut, faced with white bias tape, and then trimmed. Lace is also a good trim for these necklines.

"Nearly every ward in our stake showed interest in this project."

Photograph submitted by Rula E. Frank

SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD SIXTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, November 1954

Austrid B. Jenson, chorister, is seated at the left on the front row; Ella Gregerson, organist, is seated at the left on the third row.

Beth V. Anderson is president of Sevier Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Laura S. Beckstrand

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), FILLMORE FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Rosetta Utley; Mollie Carling; Minnie Whatcott; Mary Smith; Olive Wilkins; Martha Bushnell; Millie Callister; Hattie Partridge.

Second row, standing, left to right: June Smith; Alene Mitchell; Eva Robison; Melba Anderson, Secretary; Eva Neilson, First Counselor; Alice Robison, President; Nada Melville, Second Counselor; Jannett Robison; Laura Warner; Hattie Whatcott; Clara Robison.

Third row, left to right: Lottie Anderson; Josie Ashman; Jane Cox; LaNola Turner; Edith Nechsic; Zina Hunter; Olea Davies; Ester Robison; Mary Jean Robison; Afton Nielson.

Laura S. Beckstrand is president of Millard Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Aliene N. Bloxham

HUMBOLDT STAKE (NEVADA), ELKO WARD OPENING SOCIAL
"LET'S GET ON THE RELIEF SOCIETY TRAIN," October 5, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Vilate Bowers; Vera Crissey; Catherine Sargent; Mabel Villaneuva, First Counselor; Patt Scott, engineer.

Second row, standing, left to right: Clara Hogge, Second Counselor; Gladys Turner, Secretary-Treasurer; Beverley Probert; Gladys Jensen; Alice Schoenfeld; Jennie Alan; Vivien Hansen, President.

Aliene N. Bloxham is president of Humboldt Stake Relief Society.

NEW ZEALAND MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS SPECIAL PROJECT "WHAT RELIEF SOCIETY HAS DONE FOR ME THIS YEAR"

Alice W. Ottley, President, New Zealand Mission Relief Society, reports a successful and inspirational project in which the sisters were asked to write articles on the subject: "What Relief Society Has Done for Me This Year." These compositions were first judged in the branches, then in the districts, and finally the best ones were sent to the mission Relief Society board. The article written by a Maori sister, Eleanor Ormsby, was judged to be the best composition submitted. It will be printed in the mission magazine *Te Karere*, and Sister Ormsby will be given special recognition at Hui Tau in April 1955. Excerpts from Sister Ormsby's article are given herewith:

"Relief Society has helped me to develop in so many ways this past year. I have only been a member for a year, and in that time my mental outlook alone has broadened considerably. When I think of each separate lesson, I realize that in some way each one has had its own influence and has taught me so much of many things. I think of the theology classes and those wonderful Book of Mormon lessons. How they

have strengthened my testimony by increasing my knowledge of the first peoples of the American Continent . . . . I think of the social science classes ["Signs of the Times"] and am humbled by the feeling that I am at last beginning to grasp the principles and meaning of existence and the creation . . . .

"I think of the work and business meetings and the joy and fellowship we enjoy in our small Hamilton Branch. How, as our fingers are working to make useful articles, our minds are occupied with the lesson, and we learn more about the management of our homes. We get to know each other more intimately, and, united in our interests and beliefs, we know the true meaning of the word 'friend.'

"Most often I think of the literature lessons, which is only natural, as I am the teacher. I read a lot, perhaps not always wisely, but too much! The literature lessons have given me a purpose and a road to follow in my reading . . . . I never could quite bring myself to read poetry before. Somehow, it seemed dead. Now it is vibrant and alive, at least most of the poems I have read in connection with the lessons are alive, and they have whetted my appetite for more. I do not now pass the poetry section in any library without a glance. The classical novels we have studied this year have developed my judgment, and now I am much more demanding of any novel I read . . . .

"For all these things and many more, I am truly grateful."

Photograph submitted by Zina P. Dunford

EAST PROVO STAKE (UTAH), BONNEVILLE WARD MAKES QUILT AND PILLOW

Front row, seated, left to right: Cecil Rowberry, First Counselor in ward bishopric; Merle Stone, First Counselor, Bonneville Ward Relief Society; Helena Jorgensen, Second Counselor; Beth Pace, wife of the ward bishop; Kenneth Pace, Bishop of Bonneville Ward; Faye Loveless, President, Bonneville Ward Relief Society; Reed Barker, Second Counselor in ward bishopric.

This friendship quilt and pillow were made by the Relief Society members of Bonneville Ward. The names of three hundred ward members are embroidered in the leaves and squares of the quilt. Each member whose name appears on the quilt contributed one dollar to a fund-raising project. The quilt was then presented to the bishop as a personal gift at a ward Christmas party.

Zina P. Dunford is president of East Provo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mavil A. McMurrin

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, SOUTHERN OREGON DISTRICT, COQUILLE BRANCH BAZAAR, November 20, 1954

Left to right: Jennie Wornstaff, *Magazine* representative; Mildred Elgmand, theology class leader and former president, under whose direction most of the work for the bazaar was accomplished; Gladys Mullen, Work Director Counselor; Phylis Wolfe, President.

Sister Wolfe, in reporting the activities of this new Relief Society organization, tells of the unusually successful activities of this small group: "The Coquille Relief Society was organized in October 1953, and the picture shows the results of our work for our first bazaar, November 20, 1954. It was held in connection with a hobby fair . . . . In addition to dish towels, aprons, pillowslips, doilies, pin cushions, tablecloths, and our first quilt, we had made and canned mincemeat and plum puddings, and filled decorated cans with homemade candies. This was the first Relief Society bazaar to be held in this community, and it was well received. All but ten articles were sold. There were seven members of our Relief Society at the time of our bazaar. We have since grown to a membership of nine."

Mavil A. McMurrin is president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by June Orton

BEN LOMOND STAKE (UTAH), NORTH OGDEN FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR THEIR ACHIEVEMENT OF A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FIVE YEARS

December 29, 1954

Front row, seated, beginning fourth from left, left to right: Verna Campbell, First Counselor, North Ogden First Ward Relief Society; Hazel Gibson, President; Lavora Mathis, Second Counselor; Bishopric of North Ogden First Ward: H. Eugene Nielsen, First Counselor; Grant L. Alder, Bishop; Arthur Campbell, Second Counselor.

Third row, standing, second from the left: Diana Hadley, visiting teacher message leader; fourth, fifth, and sixth from the left, Clara Larsen, Ellen Bailey, and Etta Storey, who were each honored for thirty years of visiting teaching.

Fifth row, standing, left to right, Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society officers: Mildred Cragun, First Counselor; Eleanor T. Nielsen, President; Olive Larsen, visiting teacher message leader. Beginning seventh from the left: June Orton, Secretary, North Ogden First Ward Relief Society; Violet Jones, Ben Lomond Stake Work Director; Melba Heiner, visiting teacher supervisor.

Zina Orton, who was not present when the picture was taken, was also honored for thirty years of visiting teaching service.

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY PUBLISHES HISTORICAL BOOKLET

Photograph submitted by Grace C. Crandall

HANNAH M. CLYDE

A beautifully arranged and historically authentic and valuable booklet *Relief Society History, Springville and Mapleton, Utah,* has recently been published by Kolob Stake Relief Society. Bound in blue, and lettered in gold — the Relief Society colors — the book contains 687 individual pictures and eighty group pictures of women who have worked in Relief Society from the time of the first organization in Springville in 1859 to the present time. Names and dates of service of every stake and ward organization are contained in the seventy-eight pages of the book.

The book was written and compiled by Hannah Mendenhall Clyde, who was born in Springville and attended Brigham Young University. She married Edward Clyde and is the mother of a daughter and five sons. A devoted Relief Society member and officer, she served as a member of the Kolob Stake Relief Society Board from 1924 to 1927, when she was appointed President. In 1954, because of illness, Sister Clyde asked to be released from her position as stake Relief Society President. A few years later, she became a class leader in the Fifth Ward. In December 1953, she again suffered a heart attack, and it was while she was convalescing during the summer of 1954 that she completed her work on the history which she started in 1951.

Many Relief Society members in the Springville and Mapleton areas assisted Sister Clyde in the many details of compiling her outstanding history. Clara J. Sumsion, Minnie F. Groesbeck and Ardilla Perry helped to obtain the photographs used in the book. Thelma Carter and Phyllis W. Clyde assisted with the typing. Aileen H. Clyde, LaRue Walker, and Kolob Stake Relief Society President Grace C. Crandall gave much help and encouragement.

Home

Arleen Sessions Bogue

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The busy hand of making,
And two hands clasped in prayer
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The happiness of giving
Without possessive fear;
The peace in the forgiving
Of someone who is dear;
A humble place of learning
Truth in words and deeds;
A constant faith that heaven
Will supply our needs;
Reciprocating smiles
While each performs his part;
The warmth of being wanted
By some loving heart;
A place to hurry back to
And know as you are known;
The spark of inspiration;
These make a house, a home.

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Eggshells for the Garden

Elizabeth Williamson

I CAN remember my grandmother tossing crushed eggshells out the door into her kitchen garden. It never occurred to me why she did it, until I read that herbs and kitchen gardens thrive if they have a sufficient amount of lime in the soil.

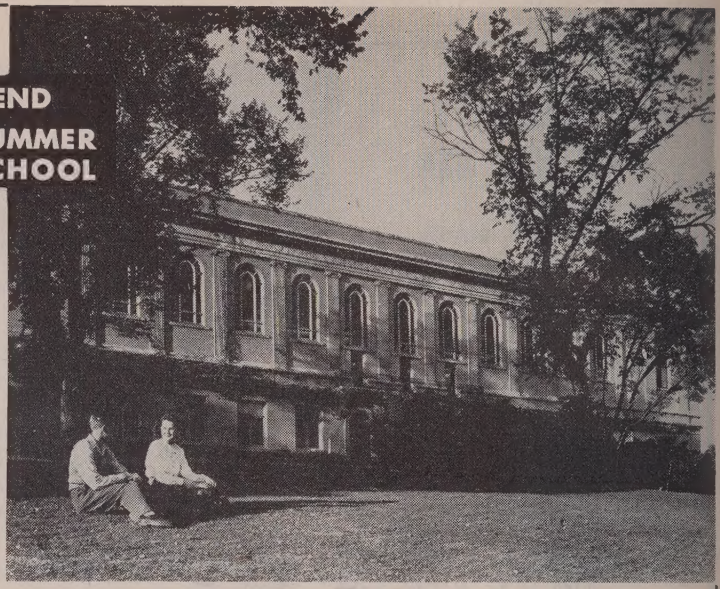
Now I always put the eggshells in a paper bag, and when the bag is about half full, I crush them by squeezing the bag, and empty the contents into the garden. It is neater to trowel them under the soil out of sight.

Reflective Artistry

Mabel Law Atkinson

Now, when we are sketching
Every beauty-etching
For the face to wear,

Bid each thought-reflection
Be serene perfection
For our silver hair.



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